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ALL THE WHILE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The nights they come and the nights they go,
And the sun delights to rest there low;
And the stars are bright and the stars are cold,
And I sit in the corner and watch them grow;
But all the while my heart beats low
For my love is out of my sight.

The summer comes and the summer go—
Spring to go girl and winter to grow—
And I sit in the light of the golden hours,
And pluck the thickest and bonniest flowers;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the life that is out of my sight.

The marriages come and the marriages go—
Yellow hair people, ruddiness and grey—
And the milk-maid sings as she calls her cows,
And I sit in the midst of the singing boughs;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the man, the late is away!

The rain descends, and the gardens grow,
And the commerce makes great her bed,
And the farmer sits full at his board on hand,
Of nuts at silver and plates of gold;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the true, the rare, the is away!

The lilies blow, and the rains they flow,
And the rain rains more than the sugar can frown,
And the ships with their white sails flowing free
Like a forest of silver cover the sea;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the one my soul may crown.

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Since the introduction of railways, there exists a curious novelty, every summer, manufactured. New England, have seen its manufacturing interests, the inhabited its general, more, but those who know its scenery only by the flying railway, know little of it; and those who have seen its people only in cities, see little of them in their New England character.

[illegible] the characteristics of it there was not [illegible] with [illegible] New England. It is true, that there are [illegible] Now-England men have in common. But the differences are greater than the likenesses. Nowhere else in the nation are men so differentiated. The later structure of Southern society gave to its citizens an appearance of greater personal freedom; and in the great Western states various causes have produced far more freedom of manners, and more frankness and cordiality of intercourse. Yet it will be found that neither in the South, nor in the West, is there so large a proportion of the population who are educated, intelligent, and individualized in taste, manners and opinions, as in New England. If we should employ a statistic method, and speak of a Western genius, and a Southern genius, and a Middle State genius, then it will be found, that none, nor all, are so rich in species, as the genius Nor England.

The scenery of New England is picturesque rather than grand. Scenery any other countries could be placed which would do well still a summer vacation, as one which, winding leisurely up through the western portions of Connecticut, and Massachusetts, and of Vermont, reached a climax at Mt. Albion, on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; a place in the midst of precise variety of scenic beauty than any other that I remember in America. On the east rise the successive masses of the White Mountains, seemingly close at hand; on the west is Lake Champlain, swarming with green islands, and beyond its waters, west-ward, rise the Adirondacks, not in chains or single peaks, but in vast brooks, a promiscuous multitude of forest-clothed mountains. On the north is scooped out in mighty lines the valley of the St. Lawrence; and, in clear days, the eye may say the faint glimmer of Montreal.

Such a ride from New Haven, to St. Albans, from Long Island Sound to Lake Champlain, can scarcely be matched for the charms of its scenery, the number and beauty of its villages, for the general intelligence and culture of its people, and the universal well-being, content, social industry, and for crisp originalities of character.

The maritime population of New England is very unlike all others. The sea-coast towns are generally neglected society. Commerce and manufacturing have worn away many of the primitive New England traits; and the wealth and refinement of the cities have in some cases quite overlaid the peculiar New England element by a cosmopolitan admixture. The remote neighborhoods and hill-towns yet retain the manners, the habits, the customs and religion of the early fathers. The interior villages of New England are the best specimens.

One of these story of domestic life will take us to a point somewhat remote from the usual beaten track of mountain towns and the easier life of the cities.

A traveller going north from Springfield, in Massachusetts, soon enters upon a region of strength beauty, running east and west, which, if compared with other country on either side, might be called mountainous. The two western-most mountains are Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. By a narrow passage between them comes through the Connecticut River. Passing between these hill-mountains we enter a great valley or basin, some twelve miles wide and of fairly long, which one might easily imagine to have been once a lake; the Pelham hills on the east, Sugarloaf on the north, and the Holyoke range on the south, forming barriers on three sides, while its waters on the west were stayed by the slopes of those hills, which, in the middle of western Massachusetts, are all that remains of the famous Green Mountains.

Look you this way—you good reader, upon the town of Norwood, that, refusing to go down upon the Boston-Acela of the Connecticut, distinctly prefers itself upon the irregular slopes west, and looks over upon that transcended valley from under its beautiful shade-trees. It is well say that no fairer village glistens in the sunlight, or nestles under arching elms! It is a wonder that Norwood was ever allowed to venture so near to the low grounds of the Connecticut; for it was early settled, not far from thirty years after the Plymouth landing. How the temptation to build upon the top of the highest hill was resisted, we know not!

Did the New England settler alight upon hill tops, like a sentinel, or a hawk upon the topmost twig, to spy danger at his fine opportunity? Or had he some unconscious sense of the profit lending of the sugarloaf city set upon a hill—some Jerusalem, lifted up, visible from afar, in all its beauty? It was he willing to face the sturdy winds of New England his type, rather than to take the risk of malaria in the softer air of her valleys? Whatever was the choice of the spot, in early days seems to have been a high and broad-backed hill, with summer cattle, and depending entirely on wells, while in Hingsted, it was pursuit and exercise; where Winter was severe, and the winds roared among the trees, and shook the framed houses, with such tremendous violence that they needed nothing more to awaken in their imagination the great Coming Judgment, and the all-consuming storms, when the earth should be shaken and pass away.

Norwood, a town of five thousand inhabitants, like hundreds of others in New England town, and in a general and indistinct way an upper, middle and lower class. A wholesome jealousy of wealth, and a repellent among the poor that wealth and education are a reproach. In some towns, made the upper class—who were ranked as by their wealth, by better superior culture, and by the antiquity of their families in town—politically weaker than the middle.

The middle class comprised the great body of the people, all dependent upon their skill, and saintly for a living, and all striving to make their property to keep, and to educate their children to independent circumstances.

The lower class was composed of those who chiefly composed of the laboring—those who had no interest, and generally, and especially

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who, for want of moral health, have sunk, like sediment, to the bottom. Every town has in the world can to found more unlovely wretchedness, more disgusting, than in Norwood. So it was, and is in New England. The good are very good, and the bad are very bad. The former is the type of the sediment, in many New-England towns, and the former leading and shaping influence, while the latter powerfully determines men to good, or to the worst possibilities there.

This is especially true when, in certain cases, good men are so determined by their religious sentiments, that the private individual has scarcely any choice left. Under such circumstances men are not to judge of the character of spite, and some severity; and the bottom of society rots and decays as the top was not.

But, fortunately for Norwood, the public sentiment, though strong and high in some matters, had been, by peculiar influences, so tempered as to moderate its hard way. Its influence is to be almost immoral to grand property which had been wrongfully gained, or gained still or skill. He used to say that pioneers was wholesome when one unfortunately or right to it, but that ammunition for nothing attained a man and destroyed his self-respect.

When he was eighteen years old, Cathcart bought his time of his father for two hundred dollars. Those were considered very liberal terms in those days. He was over the three years before his majority were no small part of the working capital of a small farm.

Being master of his trade, he considered and made an investment of his own. At twenty-one, first, there was a good steel body, six feet high and well developed; a face and head that at least manhood not be ashamed to carry through the world. Next, he had a few working clothes, and one old suit; six pairs of woolen stockings, which his mother's own hands had knit from wool which grew, under his own eye, on his father's flock; a pair of new thick boots for Sundays, an everyday pair, an axe, a brace bent-auger, and a small kit of tools that he carried out of his father's house. No! He carried likewise his father's blessing,—unspoken, but not the less powerful and his mother's prayers, silent and secret but not the less powerful than the read in the throne of all beauty!

Life was before him. He did not waver an hour or to his place. He was a farmer's son, he knew how to work, and by work he meant to thrive. His vision of success was not extravagant—a homestead and a family, and property to support and educate his children until they should be old enough to take care of themselves. This was the measure of his dream.

The night not to seem difficult. And if would not be, in now regions where land may be had for a nominal price, and where the climate pro-

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longs the summer, while it smothers the winter with its severe beauty. But in old New England, in the neighborhood of large towns, where land is expensive, manure dear, winters long, and the soil not indulgent, yielding its moderate crops only to constant culture, and requiring a good deal of it from a man who has only his own hands to rely on, to bring a fortune in corn upon the shores of the Mississippi, or in cotton upon those of the Red River, is a task to make a man's heart sink. Cathcart, however, by resolution, industry and sturdy perseverance, was able to pay for his land by degrees. And what stood likewise his honest pride, afterward, when he was rich, that he had created his own fortune? Would treasured without spot or blemish he can honest pay, and he proud of it in his right. It is not the empty pride of money, the pride of show, of palaces, of pictures, of pensioners, and of honor, which wrongly and to the pride of [illegible].

When he left his father's house he hired out at haying, and for eighty dollars a month and found. Cathcart had this sum of a sound nature—that he loved a hard day's work, and could put upon discretion in haying and reaping; and soon, by industry and economy, Cathcart had made by the best team in the Neighborhood. Nothing was ever done right that everybody stood to more than his horses. It pleased him to see his team well fed, and well groomed, and well

"That's a team for you! I say, whiter, will you sell them better?"

He was pleased almost every day. His horses were handsomely large but compact, and the very models of strength. Look at them! The off horse, the slim and finished look of their heads, and, above all, the large, lively eyes that easily change expression, and you will see that they have nerve as well as muscle. If you doubt, you should see them when a heavy load threatens to stall them, the rousing, the excitement, the straightening of muscles. And, when the load is safely brought up or the [illegible] of the eye, and the [illegible] champ upon the bit! He loved their company to their stalls, loved to take his bridle, he was ever and always a

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resolver at once, after his frugal meal was done, and sit by his team, while they lowed ground their oats, or crunched and crunched their indian corn. Do you wonder, reader, at such pleasure? Then you know little of some scenes of life. Ask an old Western Wagoner, what have been the happiest hours of his life,—and he will tell you—

"Well, straight, I've seen some pretty happy times. But, for solid comfort, I think I've enjoyed the most when I was laying by my team near a creek, and the fire was flickering among the brush, and I was just goin' to sleep—I think I never heard anything quite so pleasant as my horses, as both sides of the wagon, crunkin' comfort!"

His employer died. It being autumn, Cathcart engaged to close off a piece of standing wood, and haul it to market. He made a contract for visiting cleared, and became tenant-herdsman in the woods—chopping, hauling, hewing the heavy and, until he had completed the job, living in a shanty of his own construction.

In summer, he worked upon the farm, getting his wages and board, in five years he found himself rich—for he had earned a thousand dollars and I was a regular farmer's hero.

CHAPTER III.

RACHEL LINCOLN.

Rachel Lincoln, daughter of Deacon Lincoln—tall, slender, straight, with black hair and dark eyes, a brunette—looked in him one day as they walked home from meeting, with a look that he never got over. She was one of the few without gifts of speech, whose laughing and looks are a full equivalent for speech. A farmer's daughter—and was well educated in work. But a New-England woman, she was of a plain social nature and reflectively intelligent. One who looked for attractive manners would find her by reason. Like a gentle, the exterior was homely, the crystals were darkly-colored within.

Upon her rested the thoughts of Abbot Cathcart. She was but little older than home, except on Sunday to church, and to the village store. For twice had Cathcart visited her fathers house, and yet, for a year, when they met, had not strove to hide a sensibility of which neither was ashamed, but with which they seemed to feel without some sign that the other felt it too.

One day their feelings are like the evening primrose, "the sensitive plant" of the more closer. And yet, when evening comes and the twilight with gentle influence small them to [illegible], if you will wonder, and see the twilight with gentle influence small them to [illegible] by one, with visible motion, open themselves during forth, as it opens its offering of delicate odor.

They were walking silently and gravely home after Sunday afternoon, under the tall elms that lined the street for half a mile. Neither had spoken for a time, and between them, as they passed, not on that afternoon the text was a new, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to love one another"—but, after the manner of Washington, he kept was the best part of it.

One said that Parson Marsh's sermons were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] only thing that folks could see after they got home.

They walked slowly, without a word. Once or twice Cathcart looked at her, but was still silent. He plucked a flower from between the pickets of the fence, and unconsciously pulled it to pieces, as, with troubled face, he glanced occasionally at her. Once he took the head of the day, he looked at the trees, as the clouds, at the sky, and at the ground, and then at her face, and was flushed. The most solemn hour of human experience is the heart that is full of love. He plucked a flower from between the pickets of the fence, and unconsciously pulled it to pieces, as, with troubled face, he glanced occasionally at her. Once he took the head of the day, he looked at the trees, as the clouds, at the sky, and at the ground, and then at her face, and was flushed. The most solemn hour of human experience is the heart that is full of love. He would love to look at her again, and from a natural heart that was full of love. He would love to look at her again, and from a natural heart that was full of love.

In the silence, confused by the thoughts which came, nothing clear across the outlook, he broke upon the silence with all the severity of [illegible]. It is strange that uncertain lights dim the eyes of the soul, and the head of time that only seem true in the shade of sunny spirits. Why should not the tender moments of [illegible] its accustomed effects when all the world—skies, trees, plains, hills, and house and barn—is solid earth—getting dark? Why should not strange meanings, and seem to be true, and not the glory of that spirit's Love with which God has bound to himself his intercourse with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

wins such love is crowned, and may call himself king. He did not feel the earth under his feet. As he drew near his lodgings, the sun went down. The children began to pour forth, no longer restrained. Abiah turned to his evening chores. No animal that night but had reason to bless him. The children found him unusually good and tender. And Aunt Keziah said to her sister:

"Abiah's been goin' to meetin' very regular for some weeks, and I shouldn't wonder, by the way he looks, if he had got a hope. I trust he aint deceivin' himself."

He had a hope, and he was not deceived; for in a few months, at the close of the service one Sunday morning, the minister read from the pulpit: "Marriage is intended between Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Liscomb, both of this town, and this is the first publishing of the bans." Which notice was duly repeated for two successive Sunday mornings. Then old Uncle Bascom, the town clerk, issued the marriage certificate. Uncle Bascom had been town clerk, the boys used to think, ever since there was a town; so long that that town, without Giles Bascom as clerk, wouldn't be recognized. It was one of the marks, like the meeting-house, the brick store, and Gallup's tavern, by which people knew that this was the town of Dennis.

One day there appeared in the county paper two lines: "*Married:—On ——, at the house of the bride's father, Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Liscomb.*"

What a slender body is that for the world of meaning contained in it!

From the hour of his engagement, Cathcart was a different man. Every faculty was quickened, but most, his moral nature. He marvelled with himself what it should mean. All his life had he honored industry and integrity in thought and example. But all at once these qualities rose before him in a light of beauty which he had never before imagined. Hundreds of sermons had he heard on virtue and piety. But now, without any apparent reason, manliness seemed the only thing worth living for, and truth and purity seemed to him so noble that he strangely hungered for them. Taught from his childhood to reverence God, he felt suddenly opened in his soul a gate of thanksgiving, and through it came also a multitude of thoughts of worship and praise. The world was recreated before his eyes. Nothing before was even beautiful, if judged by his present sensibility. These experiences did not clothe themselves in language, nor work out in ideas and images, for he was of too practical a nature. But they filled him with tenderness and manliness.

As the day drew near of his marriage, he felt a thousand reluctances and scruples. He feared that Rachel might not be happy with him—that it was not worthy in him to take her from the plain comforts of her father's house to the toil and limitation of his struggling lot—that she might be deceived in him, and not always find reason for such love as she now manifested. He looked upon her with reverence, and far greater than before he was admitted to such intimate relations. Her every word was simple, every thought was truth, every feeling pure; and word, thought and feeling moved gently upon him in an atmosphere of love. He worshipped God with reverence. He worshipped Rachel with love; he came to her as one comes to an altar or a shrine. He left her as one who has seen a vision of angels.

Outwardly, and in consonance with the customs of the neighborhood, he was gay and jovial at the wedding; but down deep in his soul he was as solemn, before Rachel, as if God spoke and he listened.

How wondrous are the early days of wedlock, in young and noble souls! How strange are the ways of two pure souls, wholly finding each other out; between whom for days and months is going on that silent and unconscious intersphering of thought, feeling, taste, and will, by which two natures are clasping and twining and growing into each other!

Happy are they who know how, and happy was Cathcart, to bring such wisdom with loving, that selfishness, a poisonous weed, shall die out; and love clothed with reverence shall grow and thrive with power and beauty, all one's life! For, if there be one root in which resides the secret of producing immortal flowers, it is Love.

CHAPTER IV.

STARTING IN LIFE.

After his marriage, 'Biah Cathcart, (as he was familiarly called by his neighbors,) not without much thought and consultation, determined to buy him a farm. After many searchings, and much deliberation, he chose a place of sixty acres, two miles from the goodly town of Norwood. There was, besides, twenty acres of woodland, lying three miles away, mountain lots, as they were called. On the home farm there was an old-fashioned farm-house, of two stories.

But instead of one story additions, in the rear, such as are now built, for kitchen, shed, &c., the rear roof ran from the ridge-pole down nearly to the ground, covering the two stories and the single story with one long slant.

The former occupant had suffered the property to waste. Paint had long since ceased to cover the clapboards on the sides; the roof was patched and cumbered with moss, and the water gutters at the eaves had collected so much of dust and decayed leaves, as to form little patches of soil, out of which grew a fringe of mingled vegetation. Both flowers and weeds, whose seeds had been lodged there by birds, or uplifted by the winds, grew lovingly together, and cast their slender shadows down upon the cornice, like a pencil tracery of arabesques.

It was the day that Dr. Wentworth had been called to see Widow Nance, a mile beyond, that Cathcart took in hand the old house.

"You see, Doctor, that I've got a job here. Old Templeton's liquor bills were so heavy that he couldn't afford paint or putty."

"Make a clean job of it, 'Biah. You'll have to lay these chimney-tops over again; filling and pointing won't do. I suppose you will shift your flower garden, too, from the roof to the ground."

"Flower garden?"

"Yes, poor things," said the doctor, going to the back eaves and standing upon an old wash-bench, where he could look upon the low roof.

"I wish I had this old mossy roof, or one just like it. I am willing to ride a mile out of my way, any time, to see the moss in Peak's ravine, and all along the wood on each side of it. How kind of it to creep over decaying things and cover their homeliness with such a cheerful garment! Did you ever think that in the animal kingdom there was no beauty in death? A crow, a dog or a wounded deer dies, and is soon consumed. They seem to have had their time when alive. But vegetation, with fewer privileges in life, has more comeliness after death. Nobody makes shrouds for trees, and so nature takes care of them and hides them under new life—making beauty do sexton's work, and shroud death with the garments of life. I was over yesterday at the ravine, and found an old tree trunk, half decayed, on and around which was a garden such as no gardener could make. It lay on the edge of the wood; the steam of the brook had kept its mosses, of which I counted many species, in admirable health and color. Ah, it was like a trunk of emerald! Down on the south side, where the leaves had kept them warm all winter, were bloodroot blossoms, white as snow, shooting up in squads, like white troopers mustering for some tournament; and at the upturned roots was a tangle of blackberry vines, as fine in lines as anything that Raffael ever imitated from the ancients, and a great deal more beautiful. Men's eyes make finer pictures, when they know how to use them, than anybody's hands can."

"And so, Doctor, I am to keep this half-acre of a roof, am I, just out of pity to this moss? And what'll become of us when it rains, with this green old sieve letting through enough rain to dampen every room in the house? I see—you want our custom, Doctor! We should soon have moss growing over us, as it is over old Templeton—though by the by, he never suffered when on earth from too much water, I'm thinking! Hiram Beers says he wouldn't touch it when he could get it, and now can't get it when he wants it. Hiram is very hard on old Templeton. He says the old man was so hot, that flowers ought to start early where his grave is."

"What a pity that thrift and sentiment can't compromise matters a little better! It would make any gardener's reputation if he could plant such a little moss-Eden as this. Well, if you choose to be healthy rather than beautiful, you must have your own way. I'll be back in a couple of hours. Widow Nance, poor thing, is about spent! Save me some of the moss—that great patch yonder, with cherry stones heaped along its upper edge."

And with that he carried away his great blue eyes, and white face, wide at the top, but fine and clean cut, though large-featured to the very chin.

"As good sense at the bottom as ever man had," said Cathcart, as the chaise rolled out from under the elm trees, in front of the yard, "and he needs it all too, or his queer notions would run away with him. Rachel says the Doctor's face and presence is better than most doctors' medicine; and it is reviving. I always feel after he's gone as if there was more in everything about me than I had any notion of before, though I can't exactly tell what it is."

It was about two o'clock when Dr. Wentworth returned, and, not seeing Cathcart, he walked under a ragged cherry tree, and stood watching with a kind of sober smile the workmen, inspired with the subtle eagerness which the work of destroying is apt to infuse.

The shingles came down in showers. The light ones whirled and glimmered in the sunlight, and shied out hither and thither all over the yard. Those covered with moss came headlong and thumped the ground at his feet.

"Poor thing, do you know me?" raising a moss-loaded shingle thoughtfully, as if it were alive; and then laughed out as if he had been answered by some unexpected cry.

For a rakeful of shingles had sent a flock of hens in sudden scare toward the barn-yard, while the great golden-speckled rooster drew up with magisterial dignity and called out, "Cut-tark-cut, cut, cut!" Receiving no answer, with a low-crooning noise in his throat, he cocked his eye, first at the doctor, then at the house, as much as to say, "Do you know what's going on here?" And then, letting down his right foot which had been drawn up, in suspense, he pompously moved off to lecture his hens, that were already picking and scratching in the straw, upon the mystery of life.

The doctor drew near the now cast-away gutter, and stooping, plucked two or three of the weeds, and putting them under his hat-band, laid down his hat on the well-stone, while he unrolled the ricketty old windlass and sent down the remnants of a bucket for water. It was an old-fashioned well, of mysterious depth. If you looked down its narrow and dark throat, you saw nothing. If you still looked, and dropped a pebble down, a faint light was reflected from the crinkling water far below. For four or five feet at the top, the stones were lined with moss. Up, after long winding, came the bucket, spurting out its contents on every side, and filling the well with a musical splashing sound, reserving hardly enough, at last, to serve for a good drink. "Well, 'Biah, I understand the old proverb—truth is at the bottom of the well. If I was to go down after the water, very likely there is foul air enough down there to put me out like a candle; and if I send a bucket down, the greatest part leaks out before I can reach it. Much work and little truth do men get in the wells they dig now-a-days."

"But come in and see the house."

"I have seen it too often. Wait till you have lived awhile here and changed every association. I shall see the terrible sight that I witnessed when old Templeton had *delirium tremens*. He yelled and moaned by turns, saw men and devils after him, and died more horribly than any other creature that I ever saw, and I've seen many. Scour your walls, 'Biah."

Bad as the house was, the grounds were in even worse condition. The barns were utterly dilapidated; the fences were poor; the soil had been fleeced, and scarcely anything that was bad in husbandry had been left untried upon this much-enduring farm.

But this universal deterioration had so depreciated the market value of the place, that Cathcart was enabled to buy it—making a payment of a thousand dollars, and borrowing the rest, with his own time to pay it off. If he had been industrious and frugal before, he was far more so now. What he lacked in capital he must make up in enterprise.

For a year or two the struggle was close. His wife was his equal in industry and frugality. Her patience was never even ruffled. At four in summer and at five in winter, the light blazed on the hearth, and there were sounds in the barn. After the cattle were foddered, and until daylight, he worked at "closing" boots and shoes, earning thus a small addition to his means. At dark the same labor was resumed. This rigid, methodical industry was cheerfully pursued without intermission for years, and, at length, began to produce its results. One by by one each field had been deepened; for Cathcart said: "No farmer owns any deeper than he can plow."

Little by little the near lots were cleared of stone, which re-appeared in stone walls, built with a breadth and accuracy fit for a castle wall, and which at length were carried around the whole farm. The low-lying lots, filled with muck, were drained and reduced to meadows; and acres, which before had been impassable to cattle, except in the driest summer weather, or, when frozen, became solid, and the most productive of all the farm. The number of division fences was greatly reduced, Cathcart believing that far more ground was wasted by fences than any good farmer could afford. The land actually occupied by the fence, the waste each side of it by brambles or weeds, the time consumed in clearing these useless occupants away, if the farmer was neat, Cathcart argued, constituted, in ten years, a heavy tax on industry

In such a climate, in such a soil, and in such a community, a farm will not pay, unless it be made to move with the accuracy of a machine, and with an economy which reaches in to the most minute elements.

Availing himself of Dr. Wentworth's library, he had read the best works on husbandry, and extracted from them enough to guide his practice to a result far beyond that which was common in the neighborhood. Whoever had, at first, criticized the new-fangled farming, no longer doubted its success, when, at length, the farm was clear of debt, and returning no mean revenue.

Here years rolled on, and Cathcart grew to prosperity and into universal respect. Sons and daughters were born to him; with only two of whom, however, shall we have to do—the youngest two—Barton and Alice, who will in due time take their places in our history.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AN EPIGRAM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Surrounded by beautiful girls,
As you are, Sir Thomas, at present,"
Cried Sue, with a shake of her curls,
"You must find it exceedingly pleasant!"
"I own it!—my radiant star!"
Quoth Tom, brimming over with fun,
"But then it were pleasanter far
To be merely surrounded by *one!*"

MR. BOTHERBOY'S WISH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

He was very tired, terribly worn out that evening, or he never would have been so—"cross" isn't the word; "snappish" isn't the word—fiendish is nearer. It was his hard, hard day that made him so. There was that excuse for him.

There were a good many hard days in Mr. Botherboy's life, too. He had to work for his bread and butter with his own two hands. He did the work of two, at the salary of one, because, as his employers said, "times were hard." When he was not sitting on a high stool as a clerk, he was standing at the same desk by way of rest. There was a ridiculous superstition that he had time allowed him to go out for lunch. He humored it. As for lunch, it didn't much matter. Mr. Botherboy had fourteen dollars a week, and four children, to say nothing of a wife. The demands of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, were as great upon him as upon other men, and no tailor was obliging enough to make his clothes for nothing; besides which, that cormorant, the landlord, came monthly to gobble up a third of his income for two rooms, and two preposterous dark bedrooms, and mortal man cannot lunch for nothing, which was left for that purpose.

Mr. Botherboy took cold meat and bread and butter, when there was any left in his pocket, and, after nibbling it behind his desk, went around the block to deceive the public.

There had not been any left, that morning, —any cold meat, of course—and there had been over-work, and a long walk home in the rain, and not an enticing supper. Broiled mackerel is cheap, but not exactly a dainty, and the room seemed more stuffy and low ceilinged, and unlucky Mrs. Botherboy was insane enough to remark that all the children needed new shoes, and Mr. Botherboy was sorely tried. He boxed Sam's ear, and sent Amelia to bed. He shook Augustus and "confounded" the baby, and he said to Mrs. Botherboy:

"Good Heaven, Augusta! how do you contrive to spend so much money? I'm sure the children all had shoes the other day."

And then he went to bed with a headache, and shut himself up in a little dark bed-room, knowing himself to be a brute and wishing he was dead; while Augusta cried over the dish basin as she washed up the tea things, and wondered how he could talk to her of wasting money when she turned her dresses wrong side out, and upside down before she was done with them, and never had a new bonnet, for she made her new ones out of old ones, with fresh strings and flowers.

It was *so* cruel of Botherboy.

He knew [illegible]ell as she did. And there he lay, poor over[illegible]ked fellow, with his head aching, and his le[illegible]aching, and his arms aching, and even in the dark his eyes aching, for the black and white of the ledger and daybook was fast bringing Botherboy to spectacles at five and thirty. And he feeling thus, began to wish that he had never fallen in love with his Augusta, and so fastened himself to a third floor and a family, and butchers' bills and bakers' accounts, and grocers' demands and a landlord.

"Oh, good gracious," groaned Botherboy. "To think of it—and as a bachelor I had only to pay my board, and it was done with. Matches made in Heaven—ha! ha!—not poor ones!"

Then Botherboy turned over, his head getting worse, shut up in the unventilated torture-chamber, supposed to be suitable for the repose of hard-worked New Yorkers, and said again to himself:

"I wish to the deuce I was a bachelor. Only rich men ought to marry. I'd change places with any unmarried man in New York to-night!"

And somebody laughed.

Botherboy opened his eyes. An odd-looking personage had come into the room somehow, and was looking at him. Botherboy was too much out of sorts to feel alarmed when he saw who it was by the cloven feet and horns, and the tokens of a tail. He only groaned again.

"Tired of your family?" asked the old gentleman.

Botherboy looked at him.

"It isn't that. If I had ten thousand a year, I've no doubt I'd like it, but you know my salary."

"I'm well acquainted with most salaries now-a-days," said the old gentleman.

"You see," said Botherboy, "it's a wearing thing—always the market-basket empty—always sugar and tea out—always things rising, everything but my salary. It makes the river nice, and dark and cool, and a rope tempting, and laudanum comforting to a married man."

"It's clear you want to be a bachelor," said the old gentleman; "well, well, it may come all right. Keep up a good heart—it may come all right yet. Very few people call on me without being heard. You wished to the deuce you were a bachelor, you know."

"Did I?" said Botherboy. "Well, I'll do it over."

And then he dropped asleep. When he awoke he looked about him with surprise. He was in a handsome room, with elegant furniture tastefully arranged—a plate-glass mirror, marble mantel, a toilet-table which would have pleased Beau Brummel; an elegant dressing-gown flung over a chair, slippers of embroidered velvet near by, a meerschaum lying where it had been left the night before—near a half-emptied wine-glass. It was a room which bore evidences that its proprietor was a single man—bachelor apartments; for out of this was another room, where sofas and book-cases were visible.

Mr. Botherboy gave a long yawn.

"I do believe I'm a rich bachelor," he said. "It's very comfortable—no babies to cry, no bothering bills. I'm glad I made that wish. I'm—Good gracious!"

For, as he had been speaking, he had slipped on his dressing-gown, and gone to his window, and looked down upon his old home on the other side of the way, and saw himself or Susan in his likeness going out for the morning, while at the door his wife held baby up for a kiss, and the other three held to his coat-tails!

The baby was smiling. The wife trim in her well-starched calico—the children so pretty. Mr. Botherboy felt tears come into his eyes. But he had wished to be a bachelor, and he was one. He did not intend to repine. Let the shabby man opposite dandle his babies—he had all this. He rang the bell, a waiter came to the door.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," he said, and Botherboy went to such a breakfast as he had never had before. Somehow, however, he had no appetite for it. He kept thinking of the shabby little man who kissed his wife and children. He could not be wishing to stand in his shoes; however—that would have been ridiculous. No, he was perfectly happy. There was no perching before the tall desk that day—no aching head and elbows, and insufficient lunch. Cold chicken and sherry, and dainty jelly, appeared as if by magic; and as for dinner, he discovered that he was invited out to dine.

His *valet* appeared at the proper hour to curl his hair and put on his coat, and a carriage was at the door awaiting him. But as he stepped in he looked across the way. That old man of his—the Botherboy out of whose skin he had slipped—was coming home. He walked slowly. His hair was not brushed and curled, but rumpled as though by his fingers distractedly run through it a dozen times. But up in the air from the third-floor window came a little silvery voice:

"Papa! Papa! Mama, here comes papa!"

"Yes, here I am, my darling," cried Botherboy, but nobody heard him, and the shabby little man over the way was in the room which looked so cosy now to the real Botherboy, and he was driven to the dinner party.

It was very grand, and he was very splendid. He took wine with elegant ladies and magnificent gentlemen. He talked to some celebrated persons; he tasted rare dishes, and he went home conscious of too much champagne, but not happy—never happy—lonely and desolate beyond expression.

That night he watched the pretended Botherboy opposite, walking up and down, with his crying baby by candle-light, and was madly envious of him.

So it came to pass that, the first novelty having worn away, Botherboy spent his time in watching the little house opposite—in thinking how pretty the children were and how good and sweet the little wife, and how blessed the man in the shabby coat they all loved so.

He bought sugar plums and tried to tempt his own children to come to him, but they ran away crying. He spoke to his wife about the baby, but she was evidently on her guard. He remembered her opinion of the "rich old bachelor over the way." He was nothing to any one there. The figure in the shabby coat that trudged home on its tired legs every night, was more to them than all the old bachelors on earth, drove they ever so splendid horses. And soon Botherboy hated his splendid rooms and his elegant furniture and his costly clothes, and his dainty meals—even his meerschaum and his library. The one book he now and then found time to read aloud to Augusta, had been worth all those love-pressed volumes in their gilded covers.

"Oh, what a miserable thing an old bachelor is," he moaned one night, as he sat over his wine.

And again, as long ago, some one laughed. There at his elbow was the "old gentleman."

"You thought differently once," said he.

"More fool I," said Botherboy.

"And you wished to the deuce you were a bachelor," said the old gentleman.

"Ah! I know I did," said Botherboy.

"You wanted to be rid of your family," said the old gentleman.

"The—the—salary," said Botherboy. "But now I am so comfortable I'd like to have them again."

"*That* wasn't in the bargain," said his guest. "An old bachelor can't have a family. Come, now, you're rich."

"What's the good of money," said Botherboy. "No little wife to dress and make presents to, and no children when Christmas time comes——"

"You've a splendid house," said the old gentleman.

"Only servants in it," said Botherboy.

"But you can invite as many friends as you like."

"Friends," sneered Botherboy. "Fellows to drink my wine and smoke my cigars. What do they care for me."

"But you were tired of wife and children," said the old gentleman. "You wished to the deuce you were a bachelor. You left affection out of the matter. You wanted comfort. Here it is; you can't change it now."

"No, no," cried Botherboy, "no, I can't change it now. Lord help me. I've given it all up *for ever*—and wealth. Oh, Augusta, oh, my little children; give me back my four little children—give 'em back to me."

And Botherboy clutched the old gentleman, and sobbed aloud as he held him tight:

"Give me back my four children."

"Dear knows you've got them, my dear. What ails you? It's the close room. You'll wake them all up next, I expect," said somebody. And Botherboy opened his eyes. He was in the dark bedroom, and Mrs. Botherboy, in a night-gown, holding the baby, bent over him. Either the old gentleman had granted his prayer, or he had been asleep all the while.

"Thank the Lord, I've got you," said Botherboy, sobbing. "The other three are safe?"

"Of course, Botherboy," said the wife. "I've been sitting up to keep the baby from disturbing you."

"As if it could disturb me," said Botherboy, sobbing. "The trouble would come if we had no baby, Augusta. Give me the little fellow."

And Botherboy took the warm little lump into his arms, and laid it against his heart, and took his wife's hand and put it to his lips.

"There might be worse than being a little tired and a little pinched, Augusta," he said. "There's nothing like a home, after all, if it is ever so homely. Thank the Lord I'm not a bachelor."

And then, with his youngest born against his heart, Botherboy went to sleep again, and there was such peace in his heart that the angels, I am sure, came and stood at the door of the dark bedroom. It is folly to suppose they could fly in and watch over the little family all night. And somehow, though it had been only a dream, Botherboy remembers it still, and has never since that hour wished himself a bachelor.

Choosing a Wife.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure; for we soon become insensible to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence—if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like—and if the whole appearance indicate she has mind, heart, and soul, why she is worth all the simpering, mincing, flirting, affected Misses that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lots, farms, bank-stock, or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection; but if she is poor like yourself so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple, about the age of twenty, starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences, and empty pockets. You have something to live for, to hope for, to work for, to love for! Your early struggles with the crosses of this cross world will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent and loving wife.

UNIVERSAL EQUALITY.—There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S NECKLACE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Seven rows of seed pearls, united at intervals by red gleaming carbuncles—this was the necklace—and its history is passing strange.

That necklace encircled the slender throat of the beautiful maiden, called Marie Antoinette, upon the day when her mother, Maria Theresa, jubilant with high hopes, entered the young girl's chamber and poured in her ears the welcome news that the dauphin of France sought her as a bride.

Music was Marie Antoinette's passion, and for many years before her marriage she had been the pupil of the great composer, Gluck. She not only entertained the most profound admiration for his genius, but was warmly attached to the singular, simple-minded, gifted *maestro*.

Gluck was painfully nervous—sensitive, self-depreciating—a man whose pleasant name seemed to have been given to him in mockery of his joylessness. He was grievously short-sighted, and so excessively timid that attracting observation bewildered him, and positive fright rendered him eccentric. His royal pupil affectionately promised that he should receive her patronage after she ascended the throne. Yet when Gluck visited Paris for the express purpose of producing his opera of *Alceste*, he could not muster courage to appear before the Queen.

Through all the ordinary channels he sought in vain, to win a hearing for his opera; managers gave him the cold shoulder—supercilious singers shook their heads—men of lesser merit, who had gained a position, jostled him out of their way. Wearied, disheartened, utterly wretched, he knew that but one hope was left to him, and yet he could not summon resolution to take the legitimate steps which would have gained him admission into the palace.

One night, as Marie Antoinette was driving with her suite out of the gate of the Tuileries, to visit the opera in state, a man rushed from the throng which awaited her appearance, and attempted to throw a paper into the royal carriage. The crowd uttered a cry—there was a scuffle—a rush of *gens d'armes*—and a terrified individual was rudely captured. The Queen, sharing the general excitement, leaned forward and caught sight of the culprit. She gave a start of amazement—waved her hand to a gentleman equerry, who rode up to receive her orders—hurriedly uttered a few words—and the equerry immediately galloped towards the *gens d'armes*, who were conveying the alarmed offender to prison. Marie Antoinette had recognised her old professor. Gluck learned to his great joy, that he was not only set at liberty by her Majesty's order, but commanded to appear at the *Tuileries* on the morrow.

The excitable composer was so thoroughly overwhelmed by his good fortune that he had scarcely strength to obey the command—happily he also lacked courage to disobey. The Queen received him with exceeding graciousness. She pitied his confusion, and tried to reassure him—talked of the happy bye-gone days at Schoenbrunn, when she was his pupil—of his present prospects—his future greatness. But he never ventured to lift his eyes to her face, and the words he strove to utter broke into stammers, and died hoarsely on his lips. Trembling and blushing, he involuntarily glanced first at one door, then at another, as though he could hardly resist the temptation to make his escape. The compassionate Queen shortened the interview, after assuring him that his *Alceste* should be produced in Paris, and with the utmost splendor.

A couple of months later, her Majesty occupied the royal box on the night of that opera's first performance. The su[illegible] of *Alceste* was triumphant—Gluck was a[illegible]ost beside himself through ecstacy. During the long [illegible] preparation, fatigue, [illegible] alternations of hop[illegible]en and exhausted his system. [illegible] to comprehend how such a man could go mad or die through joy. When he heard his own name vociferously shouted on every side, half-drowned by thundered plaudits, he was panic-stricken. He attempted to take refuge in flight, but was caught in the act of making his escape. While he was wildly pleading to be allowed to hide himself, came a summons from her Majesty. There was no alternative, and he was led, almost perforce, to the Royal box.

Once more that necklace of pearls and carbuncles twined about the Queen's white throat. She had worn it in remembrance of her youth—the youth with which her old master was so closely associated. When Gluck was introduced into the box she not only congratulated him with affectionate warmth upon the success of his opera, but *naively* told him how proud she felt at having been his pupil, and again reverted to the pleasant days passed at Schoenbrunn.

The agitated composer made no response—he breathed hard—his eyes glanced wildly from side to side,—it became evident that his overwrought mind was giving way.

All at once his gaze was riveted upon the necklace—he gave a loud shriek, and, pointing at the gems, cried out, "Blood! blood! Drops of blood about the Queen's throat! Alas! alas! drops of blood! They have shed her blood!" And he eagerly stretched forth his hand to snatch at the necklace.

A gentleman caught his arm, and with some difficulty, he was removed from the box.

Marie Antoinette was highly superstitious; she could not disguise her terror, and the shock she had received. Shuddering, with trembling fingers, she unclasped the necklace and thrust it into the hand of a duchess who stood by her side, bidding her take it away, and keep it, that she (the Queen) might never see it more.

The unfortunate composer, it is said, never entirely recovered his reason, though he had many lucid intervals, and his insanity was harmless.

The duchess, who belongs to one of the oldest and noblest families in Brittany, preserved the necklace as a precious memento. But having recently entered her eighty-eighth year, she wrote a letter to the Empress Eugénie, relating in what manner the necklace came into her possession, adding that, as she had no direct heirs, the fittest person to possess this relic of the illustrious Marie Antoinette, was the Empress herself.

The letter was accompanied by a small case of green shagreen, bearing the half effaced stamp of the arms of the Bourbons—within lay the memorable necklace of pearls and blood-red carbuncles.

But how welcome was the gift to her Majesty of France? Is Eugénie wholly devoid of superstition? Was it with a throb of pleasure, or a thrill of horror, that she received the sad *souvenir* of her unfortunate predecessor? Will she ever fasten around her own delicate, graceful throat, the band of pearls and carbuncles which so ominously encircled that of Marie Antoinette?

LIVE UPRIGHTLY.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this desert your fathers have journeyed; wearied with tears and sorrows they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SPEAK NOT, SPEAK NOT HER SACRED NAME.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Speak not, speak not her sacred name,
Though with it thought and memory throb,
O, with it tenderly
Fondly or mildly on earth:
Let memory's mind-ring her rest
(Still beaming on the household shrine)
Deep in Love's holy recesses
And in its unbroken divine.

II.

Ah, to who know and loved her, know
If yesterday's song has lesser
Would mean as if it was no pure
Or true as that which now
That has no other song of cheer,
Where Earth's ambitions seldom stand
And saw not far beyond their steeps
The Archangels banners raised.

III.

Then speak, speak not her sacred name,
But in us stand beside her tomb,
And silently remember all
The beauty that has left the bloom.
By amaranths not roses wove,
That are the shadows of the flowers
By angels planted for her home
In Heaven's everlasting bowers.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"O, aunty, you never would live in the Glen Cottage!"

"Why shouldn't I live there, if I'm able to pay the rent?" demanded Miss Peckham, settling her spectacles austerely.

"Why, it's haunted, aunty," said Mary Grace, lowering her voice; "they say there's a ghost rushes through rooms all night long, and rattles chains, and nobody dares to go past the door after dark."

"Yes," chimes in the Widow Parkes, "and there's lights a-glimmerin' there 'most any of this world—blue lights and dreffle strange sounds!"

"I'm not afraid o' live people," said Miss Peckham, dryly, "and I don't ask why I should run away from dead ones! Let 'em rattle and rattle,—we'll shall be tired first!"

"Aunty!" remonstrates Mary, with her appleblossom growing pink.

"Hunker Peckham!" crooked the Widow Parkes, "you're a regular o' Protestooner!"

"Oh, dickie!" said Miss Peckham. "I'd rence the house, if it was to-day, I guess!"

But why don't you stay contented and peaceable where you be?"

"Because there's water in the cellar, and a rat-hole in the floor, and I won't make no rebellious words about the lightning's bein' let in, nor be able to pay. Now I can get the Glen Cottage for fifty dollars a year!"

"Yes, 'cause nobody else don't want to live along o' hobgoblins and spooses!"

"Well, I don't, nor 'most o' 'em!"

"But, aunty," interposed Mary, breathlessly, "John Torrey was going to take it, but when he heard about it and what horrid sights and sounds he himself had heard and witnessed, he declared he would live in a barn sooner. Jonas says he won't stay to work for us, if we go there!"

"Well, let him stay away, then," said Aunt Hannah, composedly taking snuff. "The Glen Cottage I want, and the Glen Cottage I'll have, if there were forty ghosts there!"

Widow Parkes looked 'round the twilight room as if she expected to see a tall ghost, all in white, materialize and snuffalize Miss Peckham at once, and Mary grew pale at her aunt's

obstinacy, but no things do disappear in the most unaccountable way, if they're determined to stay.

Finally, Jonas says he unwilling peddler who sold paintings of General George Washington, took them in."

"Maybe he did—maybe he didn't; but he never took my keg of molasses, nor yet the three big cheeses on the big milk-room shelf, nor the cinnamon silk gound that never had had a pull o' scissors to it! I never heard o' ghosts eatin' cheese, sayshow I"

But the Widow Parkes shook her capped head with melancholy persistence.

"Well, Hunker, I left ye—but remember I did my best to talk ye over!"

"I'll remember it," said the spinster, drily.

But Mary Grace clung, sobbing, to her aunt's mouse-colored merino skirts, after Mrs. Parkes had gone grounding home, and pleaded piteously for a reconsideration of Miss Peckham's decision.

"Dear aunty, I never can live in a haunted house! I should die of fright!"

"My dear," said Aunt Hannah, drawing up her tall, muscular figure to its full height, "a hand-to-hand conflict between me and a ghost who dye spoose would get the best of it! Jonas'll be a fool, Mary, if he gives up working for us because of nonsense; and, maybe, the first night we'll go to take up the tacks in the rat-ravaged room the Glen Cottage is in a dreadful shackly state, but I'll move in after I have a carpenter at it a-mate, an' then I'll be on the spot to see that things are done as they'd ought to be! There, there, Mary Grace, stop pipin', and we'll sort out the gilt-edged cheese when Jonas comes his supper!"

But Jonas Smith came stumbling in, over-tired with the unaccustomed his name.

"Where's this Widow Parkes is sayin' about your takin' the Glen Cottage, Miss Hunter? You alus gota' to live in that infested place?"

"I will, Jonas," said Miss Peckham, composedly. "There's a handful knocked off one of my tea-cups, Jonas; I wonder if ceases work mend it."

But I tell ye, Miss Hunter, you'll not stop there two days.

"If ye won't stay there, I'd like to know?" demanded the irate spinster, wheeling suddenly around to the side of unseen to her back, and confronting Jonas Smith.

"Because the house is full o' creatures from another world—ghosts, Miss Hunter!"

"I've described them, getting closer to Jonas, away from that ugly shadow in the angle of the fireplace.

"Shall not announce!" "was all Miss Peckham's reply.

"I tell ye, I've seen 'em myself," said Jonas, speaking in a husky, sepulchral tone, "white figures, with their feet tied up in grave-clothes, and clanking chains draggin' after 'em—and old Senuke Shed, in Cobble's hardware line past the door."

"Well, I shan't stay," said Aunt Hannah.

"I wouldn't live in that ar' house for a thousand dollars a year!" said Jonas.

"Nobody wants you to, as I know of," retorted the spinster, tartly.

"Oh, very well—If you don't want my services no longer——"

"Hold on—seems to me you're getting on pretty fast," said Miss Peckham. "You're a master hand to work, Jonas Smith, and I hain't no mind to find with you, but if you don't choose to go with us to Glen Cottage, there's as good fish in the sea as ever' jumped out of it. That's all I've got to say."

"I'll help ye move," said Jonas, somewhat stiffened; "but as for livin' in that goblin-beset place, for one won't do it."

"Jonas you please," said Miss Peckham.

"And when shall you want to move? Next month?"

"I'll move a-Thursday," said Miss Peckham.

"Thursday," gasped Jonas, "and this is Monday, and I've got to go to Belleville to-morrow!"

"Well go 'long—what hinders ye?"

Jonas looked helplessly from one to another himself to his dinner, but he asked no more questions of the trembling ghosts.

"Mary Grace," said Aunt Hannah, the next afternoon, about two o'clock, "put on your hat."

"What for, aunty?"

"I'm going to the Glen Cottage to take a look at matters and things."

Mary screamed inwardly, but she knew her aunt's determination of character too well to demur, and "got her bonnet" accordingly.

"Aunty, what are you going to do with that basket of gingerbread and apples?"

"Eat 'em when I get there—It's considerable of a walk up the hill."

Eat gingerbread and apples in a haunted house! Mary Grace felt sick at the idea of the said nothing.

Glen Cottage was somewhat a misnomer, for the glen lay down in the gorge, and the cottage was perched on the hill beyond—a dilapidated structure with loose boards flapping in the wind, and other boards shutters, with creasonie cut in their lap.

"Oh, aunty, how dismal it looks!" said Mary, as they passed the rotting old stump and moss-grown door-step.

"Pooh! a few pounds of paint and a few days' work will set all that straight," said Aunt Hannah, briskly and thrusting the rusty key into the still rustier lock.

Glen Cottage sounding room to empty sounding room Aunt Peckham strode, making considerable noise with her heavy, masculine purposes, Mary following close behind like a frightened shadow. Down cellar, through garrets, where the windows at either end were painless and a cupboard door swung open and shut.

"Oh, aunty, what is that?" shrieked Mary, grasping her aunt's arm convulsively.

"Nothin' on airth, but a lot o' that wall paper that was torn down in the bedroom, mebbe."

Aunt Hannah paused and contemplated the scene with her hands on her hips.

"Now I tell you what, Mary Grace," she said, in measured tones, "I'm going to have this wall paper from a string in the middle of the garret to the cellar-door, and I'm going to have it put up racket enough to scare off any ghost that ever walked, and I'm going to sell what on the sale by private auction, and I'm going to have the old house painted inside and out, and I'm going to live in it myself, and for all the wide world like a new house! Now don't you be scared any more!"

"Aunty I sung?" supplicated Mary, "what is that dreadful noise?"

"It's rats on the shingles overhead, child."

"But it sounded like chains rattling!"

"Rats on the shingles overhead, child."

Mary shut close up to her aunt as a peal of thunder sounded overhead.

"Oh, aunty, I'm afraid we could think she never had been out in a thunder storm before?" said Miss Peckham, dryly, "but I don't think I ever knowed where the key to the lower cellar door was."

Mary and her aunt left the dismal garret and descended to the lower cellar, Aunt Hannah and Miss Hannah spread her blanket shawl on the floor for a seat, and, with a candle beside her, began herself and her niece on apples.

"Now, aunty, what are you going to do?"

"Aunty, what will Jonas do for his supper?"

"Gingerbread and apples," said Aunt Hannah, briefly. "Jonas told me he couldn't no-ways get back from Belleville to-night, so he wouldn't."

And thus drifted away poor Mary's hot straw hat and curls.

And the autumnal evening closed chill and dark, and with them the dismal solitude of the Haunted House!

Mary drew close to the flickering gleam of the lantern, while her aunt planned and sputtered over the improvements she was going to make, in which room, and where the "chist o' drawe" should stand, and how the "settee" would look in the room destined with the brass ornaments should be placed, and how the "chaire" would look in her bead on the "blanket shawl," and Aunt Hannah, growing sleepy, dozed between the bites of down bonnie her, rather nodded to slumber than dozed, and the rain pattered on the roof of the wooden below, and the rush of the rain against the shingles overhead.

Mary's head began to nod, and then, when she was aroused by a singular sound—a sound as of a human voice in the distance.

Miss Peckham was aware, but for an instant she listened with her head bent forward. Then slowly, slowly up, struck a match, and lighted the tallow candle in the lantern.

"If it's a ghost, I'll go down and settle its business in a jiffy!" she muttered, and Mary heard it and if his not, I'll find out what is it."

Aunt Hannah was of stern undaunted, down the creaking stairs, through the echoing rooms.

Mary heard the sound of the bolters and bonne

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. I.

ON THE STUDY OF THE MATHEMATICS.

BY REV. THOMAS HILL, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

All scientific knowledge of material things depends upon mathematical principles; and the young man who wishes to understand, thoroughly and accurately, any part of natural science or mechanical art, must lay the foundation of his knowledge in learning geometry, arithmetic and algebra. There is no possible escape from this necessity; no natural science or mechanical art can be studied or understood, implying questions of number, of figure, of force, of space, which are the mathematical ideas of the mathematics.

Text-books on these subjects are numerous, and easily obtained; and, although the student may be at a loss to choose between text, yet, for practical purposes, the choice is plain and simple; a subject that the poorest boy can study and find the shortest way to it, if he will only be led by a shower and more difficult paths. Proceed to solve the best book examples and problems speedily and easily. The young man who wishes to obtain a mastery over and ready access to the treasures of natural science may, therefore, easily make his selection of text-books, to begin his studies; with patient determination and study industry he will certainly make for himself at length the coveted skill.

Many there are generally wanted in arithmetic, by taking text-books credited with a great variety of practical practical rules. A large number of rules can dispense with the need of common sense in the student, and, as the study is dull, and with common sense a man can do almost everything with arithmetic, without other study than those of decimal and vulgar fractions, and proportion, of rules of three. Two very useful rules in the old books, called the rule of three and the rule of double position, are omitted in many modern text-books, but they are worthy of being brought again intense. After these rules and the rule of three are so familiar that you need to explain them to any intelligent person, it is worth while to take up logarithms, and to study and apply into their theory. Then you intend to make yourself a thorough mathematician, you will find logarithms necessary in the needs of applying them to multiplication and division, as the extraction of roots. A book of logarithmic tables costs but little, and will save much time, much labor, and much labor to any one who requires practical familiarity with its use. A knowledge of the metrical system of weights and measures should also be gained, since the best mathematicians now use the metric and the gramme instead of the yard and the pound.

Geometry may be learnt almost alone by only mathematics having been cultivated for centuries by scholars, while arithmetic was comparatively neglected, and algebra had not been invented; but geometry is now much neglected, and, when studied, made a mere drill in logical reasoning. It should be kept a means of cultivating the imagination, of imparting that power to see clearly the shape or figure of things imagined which is absolutely necessary in the invention of mechanical arts. To this end I should recommend a young man not only to learn the mode of demonstrating the proving geometrical theorems, but also to store his memory with theorems and propositions not to be has not proved, but which he clearly understands. Geometry, it is a theorem of symmetry and beauties, that when the two ends of a hanging chain are supported they are equally distant from each other with a horizontal force equal to the weight of a piece of the chain as long as the middle of a circle which would fit the lowest part of the chain. The mathematician reasoned demonstrated this theorem, and see how easy it is to understand absolutely straight, in a horizontal position,—and the imagination of the inventor has and all expressions of this imagination; yet to prove it requires a knowledge of the differential calculus.

When geometry is used as an exercise for the reasoning powers, the student will be able only to follow the reasoning of the text-book, but device new modes of proof for himself. He can in no other way make geometry of actual use to him in the advancement of his own sciences or art.

Algebra follows geometry, and applies arithmetical calculation to things of unmeasured magnitude by substituting letters for numbers, thus enabling us also to imagine numbers and other quantities varying in size, single out all possible values, still being represented by the same letters. Familiarity with algebraic processes and readiness in attaining algebraical results, is therefore essential in all higher mathematics; even the highest geometrical knowledge is attained only by applying algebra to the figures.

The first application of algebra to geometry gives trigonometry, which is an easy and fascinating branch of mathematics, consisting of other figures may be connected as divided into a number of smaller ones of triangles, and a circle may be conceived as divided by an infinite number of radii into an infinite number of triangles. The doctrine of triangles is then the key to all higher mathematics. Whenever trigonometry is applied in a particular case, numerical calculations, of some kind or some necessary, which need to be made of great length and intricacy, but by logarithms have been to more easy and simple.

The second application is called analytical geometry, which treats of figures in the most general way; but particularly has interested itself in the figures which can be made by the shadow of a circle on a plane. These figures are called conic sections, and a knowledge of them is of the highest use in navigation, astronomy, and mechanics.

A third application is the differential calculus, which investigates particularly the case at which quantities increase or diminish in proportion to the rate of increase or diminution of other quantities on which the first are dependant.

Other branches of mathematics are higher and more extensive than these, or more celebrated and merely auxiliary;—but those which I have named are essential to the investigations of the problems of modern physical science and mechanic art; and they are within the reach of any young man of fair abilities, who will patiently study them in the right order, for a few months. About the year 1862, a young mathematician is one for instruction in the mathematics. He was pronounced by the teachers of the public schools which he had attended, "the dullest pupil they had ever known." But he was remarked as a good scholar in his studies with me, taking care to understand one subject before he undertook another, and being careful not only to understand, but to remember by practice with great power, and, although, for the first two months, I considered him quite dull at mathematics I had ever known, yet at the end of ten months I considered him one of the brightest. He had mastered the principles, and became a expert in the processes of all the branches of mathematics which I have been teaching. From this case that has been now before me I judged the true superintendence of important mechanical works, and the surgical in a high college. This success was due to his undergoing the industry and his patience in overcoming the difficulties of the mathematics. The course of study which he followed with me was nothing peculiar; what I should recommend to any young man desirous of the like knowledge.

The study of mathematics, as the mastering of business rules found in larger textbooks, will gain a thorough knowledge of the principles or proportion or rule of three, both in their theory and in practical, facility of using them. If you intend to go on with the whole course, you will understand it, if you do not, you will have proved, even if you do not follow their proof, what and why, how proofs for theorems, and how solutions for problems, in the mathematics are to be discovered.

Then make yourself master of algebraic calculations and equations of the first and second degree. The fundamental principles of algebra are very few, and are easily understood; but it gives you also a great power; it is the science of mechanization, as geometry does not divide the imagination, as geometry does, but gives a power of rapid and accurate operation.

Next make trigonometric functions and logarithms as familiar as the multiplication table, and you will find that the most difficult mathematical question will be only a matter of application. One defines the sine, for example, as the number which in the trigonometrical table of the other defines the sine as the arithmetical complement of another. Each is equally true, and the opposite leg by the length of the hypotenuse, and the other when the opposite leg is divided by the hypotenuse. Each of these kinds of trigonometric functions as numbers is equally familiar to you, but the latter is more effective than the former.

Then, if you intend to go further, take up analytical geometry and the differential calculus. Analytical geometry is the algebra of curves, and in your course the choice of a text-book becomes important; some of these text-books are hooks give an entirely false explanation or demonstration of the principles of which the process itself correctly.

Two years of study will be sufficient to give a key to all ordinary works on physical science; and a young man of fair abilities, who devotes himself to it, will reap the greatest fascination in the study. He will find himself gaining a healthy mind. The highest use of the material world is to train the mind, and to give it its highest growth and the heart, by its exhibitions of the wisdom and love of God; and the study of the mathematics has in their enabling the student to understand the knowledge embodied in the forces and motions of nature.

SITKA: OUR NEW ACQUISITION.

BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

In the American possessions sweltering there to an island called by the above name, on which the capital city of Russian America is situated, and which is famous for the fact that it was the last land of land fringed with Russian islands of the Pacific. Sitka and these islands are very pretty little long, which slants off one-half of British Columbia, and which, with the mainland and the great peninsula, like a shoestring or mutton, tough, and spread out with wonderful grandeur, and with the mighty fir-trees of Mount St. Elias, and rolls the Alexander Archipelago, with its thousand islands and icy rivers to the Pacific on the west and the Rocky Mountains on the east, and Sitka. To the commonplace patient the land often few attractions; but to the lover of nature these islands are strong enough to endure the fatigues of a voyage. Sitka has an advantage over all these, diversified with two volcanoes, whose breasts are the perpetual snow, and Mount Edgecumbe, whose fire there is in yonder Aurora Borealis. Sitka, with its two harbors, is a land-capture! Will any one tell me where I can find a more beautiful atmosphere of solid blue than the sea and sky around Sitka? Or a more beautiful mountain than the land mass of Mount Edgecumbe? Sitka has on the land side of it a chain of lofty mountains, the highest of which are 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea level, and the lowest 2,000 feet. Sitka abounds in game, and the rivers and lakes are full of fish. Sitka offers or will offer, as soon as the country is settled, a rich field for the sportsman. Sitka has a fine climate, and is free from the extremes of heat and cold. Sitka has a fine soil, and is free from the extremes of heat and cold. Sitka has a fine soil, and is free from the extremes of heat and cold. Sitka has a fine soil

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as tho' my locks were jet,)
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is his letter:"—
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian the baby slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily John, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
We whispered while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

[For the benefit of our *new* readers, we give a synopsis of that portion of this story which has been already published in the *Ledger*, so that after perusing this paragraph they can go on and read the continuation of the story as understandingly as if they had read [illegible] The hero, Alexander Lyon, who [illegible] of Lyon Hall, in [illegible] Anna Lyon, the grandchild of the General, were betrothed in early childhood, by their parents. The wedding day had been twice fixed; and it had been twice postponed on account of death. In the meantime, Alexander had fallen madly in love with, and secretly married, Drusilla Sterling, the daughter of his mother's old housekeeper, and an orphan of wonderful beauty and genius, whom his mother, before her death, had been very fond of. After their marriage, he took his child-bride to live at a cottage called Cedarwood, near Washington, D. C. While in the Capital, one day, he unexpectedly met his uncle, General Lyon, and Anna, his betrothed. The General insisted on Alexander's at once taking the place of cavalier to Anna, and escorting her to all the balls and parties of the season, and also to the theatre, the opera, and concerts; so that he was daily obliged to be in Washington till after midnight and sometimes till near morning, to his maddening embarrassment and the great distress of his young wife. He repeatedly resolved to tell his uncle of his marriage to Drusilla, and so break the galling thraldom, but deferred it for one reason and another, until, discovering that Anna preferred another cousin (whom he hated) named Dick Hammond to himself, and also that by reason of a technical informality in his marriage ceremony he was not legally bound to Drusilla, he determined to repudiate her and marry Anna. So, deceiving his poor young wife by various pretexts, he prepared for his marriage with his cousin. But Dick Hammond, learning the truth about Drusilla, informed her of what was going on, and she, in the depth of her devotion to her unworthy husband, and without thinking of herself at all, hastened to Old Lyon Hall, to prevent him from committing what she believed would be bigamy and expose him to the shame of imprisonment in the Penitentiary. She arrived in time, and finding Anna, told her story. Anna listened with amazement and relief, for she really wanted an excuse to break with Alexander that she might marry Dick, who had also come to the Hall to attend her wedding. So she and Dick argued Drusilla, whose first name was fortunately Anna, into taking her (Anna Lyon's) place in the ceremony, under the cover of a thick bridal veil and lights "accidentally" turned low down by Dick, and he actually married to her treacherous husband beyond all peradventure. This was done, and then the discovery took place in the presence of the clergyman, the General, Anna and Dick. Alexander was furious, and after a "scene," left the hall, cursing all parties and vowing never to set eyes on his wife again. The old General took Drusilla to his home and heart, as he also did her babe, which was born a few days afterwards. And in that home of abundance and peace the following chapter finds them: Drusilla happy in her babe; Anna happy because she can now marry Dick Hammond; and the old General happy because he has a chance to bestow happiness on others.]

CHAPTER XLIX.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

"Kind friends may be to thee,
But love like hers thou'lt see,
Never again."

Rest, peace, love, comfort were now Drusilla's portions.

It was a new experience to the poor, discarded, and deposed young wife to find herself the central object of interest in a family like General Lyon's, her health and happiness watched over and provided for with the most affectionate solicitude.

She had not a care in the world. She scarcely had a regret. She knew the worst. She knew that her last act had banished Alexander from her side. But when she looked upon her boy's face, and reflected that no stigma now rested upon his baby brow, she could not regret her act. With the child-like simplicity of her character, she "accepted the situation."

In the sunshine of this sweet old home, her heart expanded to all kindly sympathies.

She—the orphan girl, who had never been blessed by a father's tender care, deeply responded to the affection bestowed on her by old General Lyon, and really doted on the fine veteran. At his desire she called him uncle; but she loved him as a father. She would watch and listen for his footsteps, in his daily visit to her sick room; and she would kiss and fondle his aged hands, and then lift up her boy to receive his blessing.

And often on those occasions the veteran's eyes filled with tears, as he glanced from the childish mother to the child, and murmured:

"Poor children! poor children! while I live you shall be my children."

Anna was not less kind than her grandfather to Drusilla.

And she, the only daughter, who had never before known a sister's companionship, loved Miss Lyon with a sister's love, and delighted in her cheerful society.

She felt friendly towards Dick, and was very fond of the attentive old servants. Indeed, her loving, sunny spirit went out on all around her.

But her greatest joy was in her child. She would soothe him to sleep with the softest, sweetest notes, and after laying him in his cradle, she would kneel and gaze on his sleeping face for hours.

Mammy protested against this idolatry; but Drusilla answered her:

"It is not idolatry, nurse; because I do not place the gift before the Giver. There is not an instant in my life that I am not conscious of fervent gratitude to the Lord for giving me this child, a gift forever and ever: a gift for time and eternity; oh, nurse, a gift, of which nothing on earth or in Heaven can ever deprive me!"

"Don't say that, ma'am; the Lord might take the child," said mammy, solemnly.

"I know that, nurse. The Lord might take him to Heaven, to save him from the evil in this world; but he would be safe there, for the Lord would take care of him for me, and give him back to me when I myself should reach the Blessed Land," she answered, reverently.

And mammy had nothing more to say.

How closely the young mother watched the tiny growth of her child, and the faint development of his intelligence. She could see progress where no one else could perceive the slightest sign of it. She discovered that "he" "took notice," long before any one could be brought to acknowledge that such a prodigy was possible. Her delight when her boy first smiled in his sleep, or when she fancied he did, was some-

BREAKFAST AT LYON HALL.

thing almost ludicrous. She was kneeling by his cradle, watching his slumbers as usual, when she suddenly cried out, though in a hushed voice:

"Oh, Anna! Cousin Anna! look! look! he is laughing! he is indeed! *See* how he is laughing!"

Miss Lyon came and bent over the cradle. So did mammy, who drew back again, saying:

"Lor! why that aint no laugh, ma'am; that's wind—leastways, it is a grimace caused by wind on the stomach, and I must give him some catnip when he wakes."

Now, if Drusilla's sweet face had been capable of expressing withering contempt mammy would have been shrivelled up to a mummy; but as it was she could only appeal from the nurse to Miss Lyon.

"Anna, look at him—he is laughing, or, at the very least, smiling—is he not?"

"Yes, my darling, he is certainly smiling; and you know the old folks say when an infant smiles in its sleep it dreams of Heaven and sees angels."

"And I do believe that is true—it must be true! And my little cherub sees his guardian angels!" exclaimed Drusilla, delightedly.

"I tell you, ma'am," began mammy, "it is nothing but jest win——Owtch!" she exclaimed, suddenly breaking off as Anna trod heavily upon her corns.

And presently mammy limped off to make the threatened catnip tea, leaving the two young women to the enjoyment of their faith in the sleeping baby's Heavenly visions.

For the first few weeks infants' eyes are of no particular form, color or expression, but merely little liquid orbs folded up in fat. But very soon Drusilla made very great discoveries in her infant's eyes. Sitting alone one morning, and gazing down upon the babe that lay smiling on her lap, she murmured:

"Oh, Alick, Alick, dear, you have torn yourself away from me, and have gone. But you could not deprive me of your *eyes*, my Alick! They look up at me from my baby's face, and while they do so I can never cease to love you and pray for you, Alick, my Alick!"

Since his desertion this was the only occasion upon which she had ever breathed his name, and even now it was only in half audible murmurs as she talked to herself, or to her babe.

By the other members of the family Alexander's name was never mentioned. General Lyon had given no orders to this effect, but the subject was tacitly dropped by all as one unspeakably painful and humiliating.

General Lyon, who loved the delicate, dove-eyed little woman with a fatherly fondness, would not let her confine herself to her own apartments a day longer than was necessary. He first of all wiled her down to the afternoon tea, and then after a few days, coaxed her down to dinner; and on the Sunday following sent for her to join the family circle at breakfast.

The "family circle" at this time comprised only General Lyon, Anna, Dick, and Drusilla.

Dick had remained at Old Lyon Hall ever since Alexander's exodus, with the exception of one day when he rode over to Hammondville, where he had left the parson and the lawyer to tell them that their services would not be required, and to remunerate and dismiss them.

Since that day Dick had made a clean breast of it to his uncle, and had won a conditional consent to his marriage with Anna; the engagement being encumbered with a probation of one year.

"I shall be an old maid yet if I live long enough," said Anna, laughing when she heard from Dick of this decision. "My marriage day has been fixed and my marriage interrupted three times! and at every interruption it has been deferred for one year, only to be interrupted again at the end of it."

"I don't complain of all the other interruptions, but, Anna, let us make sure of a marriage this time by going off by ourselves and getting it done," said Anna's lover.

"For shame, Dick," was all the answer she vouchsafed him.

"We are of age," urged her suitor.

"So much the worse, sir, for we should know better," said Anna.

And Dick ceased to push the question.

It drew near the Christmas Holidays, and the weather was very fine for the season.

General Lyon invited and pressed his adopted niece to take drives in the picturesque vicinity of the hall.

But Drusilla answered that she wished her first going out should be to the house of God, in acknowledgement of his great mercy in preserving her and her child amid so many dangers, and raising up to them such dear friends.

And the conscientious old soldier could urge the matter no farther.

One Friday morning Anna and Drusilla were seated together as usual—the baby sleeping in the cradle between them—when Anna said:

"Drusilla, my dear, you are going to church next Sunday?"

"Yes, I am; Providence permitting, Anna."

"Do you know it will be Christening Sunday?"

"No, I didn't, Anna."

"Well, it will be. Now wouldn't you like to have your boy christened?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I should, bless him!"

"And I will be his godmother, and grandpa and Dick shall be his godfathers. You know, being a boy, he will require two godfathers and one godmother. If he were a girl, the matter would be reversed. Now what do you say, my dear?"

"I thank you very much, dear Anna, for your kindness in thinking of all this. And I shall be very grateful to you and dear uncle and cousin Dick for becoming sponsors for my darling boy," said Drusilla, earnestly.

"And the christening is to go on?"

"Certainly, dear Anna, if you please."

"What name will you give your child?"

"If dear uncle would permit me, I should like to name my boy for him—'Leonard.'"

"And not Alick?" inquired Anna.

It was the first time for weeks past that she had uttered his name; and she did it now in a sort of triumph in the thought that his discarded wife had ceased to care for him.

"And not Alick?" she repeated, seeing that Drusilla hesitated to answer.

"No, not Alick," the young mother now replied, calmly and gravely.

"That is right; I am glad of it! Very glad of it!" exclaimed Anna, with such righteous indignation and exultation combined that the young wife looked at her in surprise and sorrow.

"I think you mistake me, dear cousin," she said. "The only reason why I do not call my child after his father is this:—I have already *one* Alick, *but* one Alick, and I can never have another. I cannot even bear that my child should have his name. I want but one Alick in the whole world."

"Goodness knows, I think one of that sort would be quite enough!" exclaimed Anna.

Drusilla looked at her in gentle reproach.

"Is it *possible*, child, that you still love that scamp?" scornfully demanded Miss Lyon.

"Oh, Anna dear, yes! He used to love me too; he was very kind to me, from the days when I was a poor little sickly, ignorant girl till within a short time ago. Oh, Anna, shall the madness of a few months make me forget all the loving kindness of many long years? Never, Alick, dear, never," she murmured, dropping her voice as in soliloquy; "I will still love you and pray for you and trust in you—for I know Alick, dear—*when you come to yourself you will come to me.* I can wait for that time."

Anna gazed on the [illegible] young face in amazement that gradually gave way to reverence, and even to awe.

"Drusilla," she said, solemnly, "I retract all I ever said against Alexander, and I promise never to open my lips to his prejudice again."

Drusilla looked up gratefully but—inquiringly.

"Your eyes thank me, but you wish to know why I say this. I will tell you: It is because you make me begin to believe in that man. Your faith in him affects me. There *must* be some great reserve of good somewhere latent and undeveloped in his nature, to have drawn forth such a faith as yours. But were he the greatest sinner that ever darkened the earth, such love as yours would make him sacred."

CHAPTER L.

CALM DELIGHTS.

Now has descended a serener hour,
And with reviving fortunes. SHELLEY.

The next morning Anna entered Drusilla's room, followed by Matty, bearing a large work-basket filled with cambric white as snow, and lace as fine as cobweb.

"Set it down here at my feet, Matty, and go," said Miss Lyon, sinking into one of the arm-chairs.

Opposite to her sat Drusilla, and between them, of course, lay the sleeping baby in the cradle.

"Here, my dear," said Anna, calling the young mother's attention to the contents of the basket, "I have overhauled all my bureaus, and boxes in search of these materials: for you know if our baby is to be christened on Sunday next he must have a fine robe, and you and I must set to work immediately to make it."

"Oh, thanks, dear Anna, for your constant thoughtfulness of me and my babe. I have some very beautifully embroidered robes at Cedar Wood, but nurse did not think it necessary to bring them, and so I have none here but very plain white slips," said Drusilla, gratefully.

"Well, now get your scissors ready, for I know nothing about cutting out a baby's robe, so you will have to do that part of the work, but I will seam and tuck and gather and trim with anybody," said Anna, beginning to unrol the snowy cambric.

And Drusilla's nimble fingers soon shaped out the little dress, and the two young women set to work on it with as much delight as ever two little girls took in dressing a doll.

When they had settled the style of the trimming to their mutual satisfaction, and had then worked in silence for some time, Drusilla looked up and said:

"I wonder if dear General Lyon will like to have me name my poor discarded little baby after him?"

"Of course he will. It will be a compliment paid to him—though a well-merited one to him," replied Anna.

"No, dear, it will not be a compliment paid to him, but a favor asked by me, and my heart misgives me that possibly he may not like it."

"Foolish little heart, to have such misgivings! Why don't you set the doubt at rest by asking him and finding out what he will answer?"

"No, no, Anna, I cannot do that, because he is so kind that he would be sure to give me a prompt and cheerful consent, no matter how much secret reluctance he might have to the measure."

"Well if you never propose the matter to him, I don't see how you will accomplish your purpose."

"By *your* means, dear Anna, I hope to do so."

"How by my means, you absurd little thing?"

"I want you to find out in some other delicate way than by direct questioning whether my wish would be agreeable to General Lyon."

"I will try; but, I warn you, I am a very bad diplomat."

Whether Miss Lyon was really a bad diplomat or not, she did not seem to think it at all necessary to sound the General on the subject in the manner Drusilla desired; but as she sat with her grandfather in the drawing-room that night, she suddenly said:

"We are going to have our baby christened next Sunday, grandpa, and his mother wants to name him after you."

"Does she, indeed, the dear child? I had not expected such a thing," exclaimed the old man.

"That is, if you have no objection, sir."

"Objection! why I am delighted!"

"I am glad you like the plan."

"Like it? why I have never in my life been more pleased or more surprised! I shall make Master Leonard Lyon, a very handsome christening present!"

"That's a darling grandpa! But listen. Don't say a word to Drusilla about the present, beforehand. She is no more mercenary for her child than she is for herself, and she is the most sensitive person I ever met with in my life."

"All right, Anna! I shall say nothing of the present. But you, my little house-keeper, you must see that a proper christening feast is prepared to do honor to our boy."

"You may safely leave that to me, sir."

The next morning was cold, dark and stormy. Drusilla was forbidden by her nurse to go down stairs, and so she had her breakfast up in her own room.

When the service was cleared away, and she was seated before the fire, with the babe in her arms, General Lyon entered the room.

She arose with a countenance beaming with welcome, and was about to lay her babe down, that she might set a chair for her visitor, when he pleasantly signed to her to resume her seat, and he brought one to the fire for himself.

"Anna tells me, my dear, that you design me the honor of naming your fine boy after me," he said, seating himself.

"If you will please to permit me to do so, sir, the honor will be mine, and will make me happy," said Drusilla, blushing deeply.

"My child, I cannot express how much I thank you; how gratified and pleased I feel."

Drusilla looked down, quite overpowered by the fervency of these acknowledgments, on the part of the old hero.

"You must know, my dear," he continued, "I have always secretly longed for another Leonard Lyon to represent me, when I shall be gone; but scarcely had a hope to see one during my life. Leonard Lyon is a very ancient family name with us, and has been kept up in every generation, except the last. It failed there, because I had never been blessed with a son; and my brother had but one, and he was named after the family of his mother, who was a Miss Alexander. Thus, you see, the ancient name, Leonard Lyon, would have become extinct in me, had you not determined to revive and perpetuate it in your son. Heaven bless you for the kind thought, my dear, for it has made me very happy," said the old gentleman, earnestly.

"I fervently thank Heaven, sir, for giving me the power of pleasing you in this matter," murmured the blushing young mother, in a low and tremulous voice.

"And this I will say, my child, that the name your boy will bear, has never, in the thousand years of its existence, been sullied by a shadow of dishonor."

"I know it has been borne by heroes and sages, and by none others. I hope and pray that my boy will prove worthy of his noble ancestry," fervently breathed Drusilla.

"That, I feel sure, he will! If Heaven should grant me a few more years of life, I shall take great delight in watching the growth of little Leonard Lyon," replied the old gentleman, as he arose, and kissed the mother and the babe, and left the room.

The following Sunday proved to be a very fine day. At an early hour, the capacious family carriage of General Lyon was at the door, well warmed and aired for the reception of the delicate mother and the tender infant.

Not even on her first bridal day, had Drusilla looked so lovely as she did now, when she came down stairs, dressed for church, her delicate, pale beauty, still more tenderly softened by her simple bonnet of white velvet, and wrappings of white furs.

She was attended by mammy, dressed in her Sunday's best, and carrying the baby, richly arrayed in his christening robes.

General Lyon, Anna, Drusilla, the nurse and the baby, rode in the carriage.

Dick Hammond, on horseback, escorted them.

The parish church was at Saulsburg, six, eight, or ten miles off, according to conflicting statements. So early as they set out, they were not likely to be much too early to join in the commencement of the service.

When they reached the turnpike gate, they found old Andy on duty.

Seeing Dick cantering on in advance of the approaching carriage, he placed himself behind the gate, and lifted up both his arms, while he called aloud to his wife:

"Jenny, woman! coom out wi' ye, and tak the toll, whiles I stand here to keep yon daft laddie frae louping o'er the bar again!"

In answer to the summons, Jenny appeared just in time to receive Mr. Hammond, who quietly drew rein before the door, paid for himself, and the carriage behind him, and then with a bow, rode on his way.

The carriage followed; but as it passed, Mrs. Birney got a glimpse of the passengers inside and after doing so, she dropped her chin, and lifted her eyebrows, and remained transfixed and staring, like one demented.

"Eh, woman! what's coom o'er ye? Are ye bewitched?" questioned Mr. Birney, as he passed her, in going into the house.

"Na, gudeman, I'm no' bewitched; but just amazed like! Didna ye see yon bonny leddy lying back among the cushions? She that was all happed about wi' braw white velvets and furs?"

"Aweel, and what of her?"

"Hech, gudeman, she's na ither than the puir bit lassie that came hen to us the night o' the grand storm."

"Hout, woman! hauld your tongue! no' to ken the differ between a born leddy like this ane, and a young gilpey like you!"

"I ken weel the differ between a leddy and a gilpey! And I dinna need *dress* to instruct me in it either, gudeman. I kenned the lass was na gilpey when I saw her in her auld grey cloak; and I kenned her again in the bit glint I had of her bonny face as she lay back in her braw velvets and furs, wi' her wee bairn by her side. Eh! but I'd like to hear the rights iv that!"

"The rights o' what, woman?"

"The grand wedding pit aff again; the fine bridegroom ganging aff in a jiffey; this young, bonny leddy and her bairn made so muckle iv by the whole family. But it's na gude to speer questions. The minister will na speak; the doctor will na speak; the vera serving lads and lasses will na speak, although on ordinary occasions they're a' unco fond o' clackin their clavers. But we shall hear, gude man! we shall hear! Secrets like yon canna be kept, e'en gif they be stappit up in a bottle."

"Gudewife, ye'll do weel to gie your attention to your ain proper business and no meddle wi' that whilk dinna concern you. The auld general pit us here to keep the gate, and no to speer questions into his preevate affairs. And though the situation is na sick a gude ane, it might be waur. Sae we'll behoove to gie na offence wi' meddling," said Andy, as he sat down and opened his big Bible to read.

Meanwhile the Lyon family went on to church, which they entered just as the organ had ceased playing and the minister was opening his book.

It was not until after the last lesson of the morning service was over that the announcement was made:

"All persons having children to present for baptism will now bring them forward."

Our whole party left their pew and proceeded to the font.

General Lyon, as senior sponsor, took the babe in his arms and presented him to the minister. Dick, as junior sponsor, stood by.

Anna was sole godmother.

And amid the customary prayers, promises, and benedictions, the child received the time-honored name of Leonard Lyon.

On their way home, the whole party congratulated each other with much affection and cheerfulness.

But withal, Dick, riding along slowly by the side of the carriage, was visited with some very serious reflections. He felt the great moral and religious responsibility of the office he had undertaken. And thus he communed with himself:

"General Lyon is aged and cannot be expected to live very much longer. Anna is a woman. On me must devolve the duty of looking after that boy. Good Heavens! However did they come to think of making such a good for nothing dog as I am godfather to that innocent baby? It is enough to make my hair stand on end to think of it. The fact is, I must strike a light and look about myself. I must, I positively must and will, thoroughly mend my ways and reform my life! not only for Anna's sake—who knows me already, and takes me for better for worse with her eyes wide open—but for this innocent babe's sake, upon whom, without his knowledge or consent, they have thrust me for a godfather! No more gambling, no more drinking, no more carousing with scamps, and squandering of money, Dick, my boy! Remember that you are godfather to Master Leonard Lyon, and responsible for his moral and religious education. And you must be equal to the occasion and true to the trust."

So profound were Dick's cogitations that he found himself at Old Lyon Hall before he was conscious of the fact.

He sprang from his horse in time to assist

the old gentleman and the young ladies to alight.

And they all entered the house, where Drusilla was greeted by a pleasant surprise.

CHAPTER LI.

SCARSDALE.

Were her eyes open? Yes, and her mouth, too. Surprise has this effect to make one funny.
Or, perhaps, it was the sight of Scarsdale Manor.
An echo as if a long sigh were to come. Anyhow.

The family party first separated to go to their several chambers to lay aside their outside wrappings and to prepare for their early Sunday dinner.

Then they met in the drawing-room.

Drusilla, who had never to do that she often, was the latest to join them.

Her sighs, that had slept soundly during the long ride from church, was now awake and required attention.

While she was engaged in her sweet maternal duties, she received a message from Lord Lyon requesting that his godson might be brought down into his drawing-room before dinner.

So as soon as the young mother had made herself and her child presentable, she went down with the nurse and baby carrying the babe, and, with the husband of the room she passed in pleased surprise; and not so much at the sight of the present child, as at the sight of the new instance of kindness on the part of her friends.

On a round table covered with a fine crimson cloth were laid the christening offerings, of great splendor for their kind.

There was a richly chased silver casket filled with gold coins from General Lyon. There was a handsome silver porringer, spoon, knife, fork, tea bowl, water jug, and drinking mug, cream pot, sugar basin, sauce boat and egg-cup, from Dick. And there was a coral and bells of the finest, purest gold, and most superb workmanship, from Anna.

"Dear dear dear Anna and Dick, how kind, oh, how kind, you all are to me and my boy! I can not tell you how much I love you, because I am very grateful; and I hope, oh, I hope, my dear friends, that you will believe me when I say," said Drusilla, pressing the hand of her husband to her heart, and lifting her eyes to heaven in a fervent prayer that God would bless and keep them, who stood side by side enjoying her delight.

"My dear, I am in as much danger as ever you these little tokens of our affection as it can possibly give you to receive them," said General Lyon, drawing her towards him and touching her forehead with his lips.

"It does indeed, sweet cousin," added Dick.

And Anna, for her answer, only kissed the young mother.

"And now to dinner, which has been announced for twenty minutes," smiled the old master, drawing Drusilla's hand within his own and leading the way to the dining-room, where a feast of unusual elegance was laid in honor of the occasion.

The day closed in serene enjoyment.

When Drusilla retired to her room that evening, she found that the christening presents had been transferred from the round table in the drawing-room to an elegant toilet service that had been purchased to receive them and placed in her chamber.

Mr. Anna, as soon as he had seen his wife before she went to bed, she knelt down and thanked God for the many mercies of which her life abounded.

As her head rested on her pillow, with the face of the sleeping babe near her, softly seen in the subdued light of the shaded lamp, she wondered if the scene that had descended upon her so troubled spirit and made her calmly happy.

Had she then ceased to love her faithless husband?

Ah, no! For men have like hers is of immortal life and can not die. But she had ceased to sorrow for him. For sorrow is of mortal life, and cannot live forever.

She did not ponder the fatherly care of the fine old head of the family, cheerful in the company of his affectionate young friends. But said Anna, and happy—oh, deeply, unutterably happy—in the possession of her husband and of he felt on trouble.

Whence these emotions proceed from the mother's heart?

She never heard from Alick; but then, as she did not expect to hear from him, she was not disappointed.

She never heard from Cedarwood either; but then as she had left directions with the servants only to have letters written to her in case of necessity, she felt that, in this instance, "no news is good news."

Mammy was growing rather restive and desirous of returning to her home. Drusilla had brought her to remain a little longer at Old Lyon Hall.

"Walt," she said, "until the next spell of fine weather, when Jeff will be able to spare you, and I too will return to Cedarwood. I must not stay away from the home provided for me by my husband, nor yet tax the hospitality of my dear friends longer."

Mammy looked puzzled, for though the faithful old housekeeper had used carefully the word possessive of expressed family affairs in the presence of the nurse, whom they looked upon as a stranger and an alien, still she had heard enough to know that Drusilla was not happy, and that she had absented his wife. Therefore Mammy was rather bewildered by this talk of returning to Cedarwood.

"I do not think as the General and the young people will consent to part with you, mam, and indeed I think it will almost break all their hearts to lose little Master Leonard," said the nurse.

"I know they will not like it, because they are so kind to us—so very kind, and therefore I have come from meddling in the affairs of my duty is clear—I must go to my own home, and I must guide them of my purpose before I decided.

"Well, mam, certainly, if they wants your company over so, they shu'nt go nor power to keep you and I, but will; so now, mam, I'll be off to get to dinner first the spell after Christmas, I reckon, or I can wait and see you and Master Leonard, the same, graciously.

"Sweet, yes; it will be a great favor," replied Drusilla.

The time was drawing near to the Christmas holidays—a season always hilariously observed by the large white great festivities—when they had been unbounded in their hospitality and munificence to their dependents.

On this occasion, some days before the holidays themselves, with a handful of black cloths signed and set to be filled up at the store, and consultated to purchase the most elegant and appropriate holiday gifts that he could find for every member of the family and every body he held servant; but above all, to get a handsome perambulator, a crib bedspread, and a cradle for Master Leonard.

"Good gracious me, grandpa!" had been Annie's exclamation on hearing of this last item, "what on earth do you think a baby of a few weeks old can do with a baby horse?"

"I don't know, my dear, but I want to give it to him."

"He won't be able to sit on it for three years to come."

"And I may not live to see that time, my dear, and as I wish to give it to him I must do so now. It can be kept for him, you know. And now, while we are on the subject, I wish to ask you to have one of the many rooms in this house fitted up as a playroom. Let it be as near the nursery as possible; and whatever childish treasure I may purchase may be put there and kept until he is old enough to enjoy them."

This conversation had taken place in the presence of Drusilla; but as no part of it had been addressed to her, she only expressed her gratitude for the intended kindness by gazing thankfully from one speaker to the other.

"Now, Drusilla, my dear child," went on the old gentleman, "I have a favor to ask of you, which, however reluctant she might be to announce her wishes to anyone from such kindness, was an incumbent upon her to do so before they left her. She must have arranged altogether some bold arrangements for her sake.

"Dear Drusilla, while you are commenced:

"Dear Drusilla, while your I live in this world I shall have a confidant, my good friend, and with my last breath I shall pray Heaven to bless you for it.

"Ah, dear, that is very sweet! I wish I could so you thank. I have no words for words that that," said Drusilla, her heart full.

"When the world has sung you nearly to death or to madness, as does, they judge more truly and less indirectly of it. And now, dear Drusilla, as I do not wish to overtax your mind, you do not leave our protection until your husband comes for you. Let the subject drop here at once, and forever."

Drusilla bowed her head in silence; but she was not the less resolved at heart to return to Cedarwood, and did so shortly, in the hope that her husband might some day join her there, that, and Drusilla's fruitful counts to another direction.

The event fully overruled her return to Cedarwood still be related in the next chapter.

LIMA—PIZARRO AND HIS DEATH.

BY NATHAN C. URNER.

About eight months ago, I was in the capital of Peru, and visiting the church of Francisco Pizarro, its conqueror, with his beneath the sacred sanctuary of that church, I passed into a sarcasm other resting-places of those who had been prominent in the history of that country. The table of the tomb consists of nothing more than a plain slab of yellow with a backstone, inscribed into the solid wall, with the name of the conqueror, and the date of his death. Inside of an adjoining room is another tablet, and bearing in other inscription and the name of Pizarro's faithful companion.

Of all of the many interesting relics of Lima, the palace of Pizarro is the most so. It is situated, has the greatest charm for me. It is situated on the side of the *Plaza Mayor*, or Great Square. Built of bumble adobe, painted a dull yellow, with the windows protected only by small shops, and the upper portion devoted to the residence of the Archbishop of Lima, and his insignificance by the shadow of the noble palace of the conqueror. The principal entrance of the house, pervades the entire building, and is the only one of the many that immediately opposite the palace, in the long arcade which forms the south side of the Plaza Mayor, is still crowning the stone archway with the arms of Spain, and on that are also of murder. The stone step, over which Pizarro stepped on the 26 of July, morning of may feel. But this is a long, deep groove in the step, and it must have been worn away by the broken spur of Diego Almagro, the chief opponent of Pizarro, who died in the year 1541, after the unsuccessful siege of Cuzco, which he had undertaken in the name of Spain. Two gentlemen were assisted his fellow-adventurer, Don Diego de Almagro, a native of Spain, and Hernando Pizarro, brother of wife his own name, but confident in the powers of his sword, and in the love and jealous and discontented, for Pizarro was the greater spirit, and was the more successful in superiority. The great region of the Incas was conquered by the genius of the two Pizarros, Hernando and Almagro. The Spaniard cast his eyes upon the rich plains of Cuzco, and resolved to overcome and crush the Incas. At the head of eight hundred men, he marched to the successful Inca in 1533. He entered the Peruvian city with the Spanish standard, and peacefully made Atahualpa captive, and massacred the Incas who had come there to celebrate the feasting a man. The Indian army fled in dismay, and the conquerors plundered the wealthy city of Cuzco, the city of the Incas, and every Spaniard became rich. Almagro claimed the province city of Lima, which he called Ciudad de los Reyes, or City of the Kings.

Pizarro, who had remained in Spain, had surpassed him in perfidy. He did not long hesitate to imprison the Inca Atahualpa, and to seize the royal captive. He loaded him with chains, and kept him in close confinement.

"Inca, what will thou do for thy freedom?" said the Spaniard.

"I will fill this dungeon cell with solid gold," was the response.

"Do so, and you are free."

Atahualpa kept his communications, and collected together all the golden ornaments of his palaces and temples, and filled the cell with solid gold, and the dungeon-cell—a large apartment—was filled with gold even to the walls, and from floor to ceiling. Pizarro accepted the ransom, but refused to release the donor to death. This act of perfidy was terrible, and the Inca was strangled. Almagro, finding his Indian princess, the daughter of Atahualpa, and took her to his home, and made her his wife. She lived in obscurity with a will and a child, and her father could not despair, and she blindly followed the fortunes of the woman she still loved, and who was living and dying at Trujillo, in Spain.

Pizarro now proceeded to the completion of his conquest with all the energy of his unscrupulous nature. He marched to Cuzco, half-brother of Atahualpa engaged him in battle, and defeated him. In the place, at one time threatening Lima itself, was only left in battle, and defeated him. In the place, order to cultivate their fields to avoid starvation. But the conquerors were not to remain at an end. Almagro, his disappointed rival, waged war against him in 1538, and defeated a portion of the southern country, including Cuzco, and returned to Lima to find his friend, and cowardly execution seems to have been one of the most cruel and unjustifiable of Pizarro's acts.

For two years, he buried himself with using every means in his power toward strengthening his interest with Spain. Pizarro, however, was a woman of genius as well as of personal bravery, and she aided him greatly throughout her knowledge of the masses of the people with whom he dealt. But the shadows of death were already arising around the chieftain, and the bell of fate was tolling for his doom.

Diego Almagro, the son of the former almagro by an Indian woman, (how strangely blood-feuds were wrought out through the poor wronged Indians!) headed a conspiracy to accomplish his death. They were a mass of address and ability. His fellow-conspirators were about twenty in number—part Spaniards, and part Indians—and each was sworn to strike a death-blow at Pizarro's heart. There stood in the very main entrance of the palace, in the night of his assassination. It is in the second story of the western wing of the palace, is now occupied as a petty court-room, and connects by small, dilapidated doors with several chambers in the rear. They are all dingy and dirty enough now, as at the time of which we speak; they must have been fitted up in princely magnificence. I have read the story of the assassination in the old Spanish chronicles still obtainable at Lima.

Late in the afternoon on Sunday, immediately after dinner, Pizarro was reclining on an ottoman, in the chamber I have mentioned, half dressed—for the noon was hot—and in the habit of wearing in the day time. He was now seventy years of age, and, though his head was shrewd and his long moustache frosted with the inevitable silver, he was still strong and vigorous of frame, and retained the restless, adventurous spirit which had always distinguished him. One of his little children was caressing his knee, and Francisco Martin, his brother, entered and said, excitedly:

"I see a number of suspicious men gathering in the archway on the other side of the plaza."

"Have they swords?" asked Pizarro.

"Yes, and they are dressed in armor. I saw their helmets gleam in the sun. Remember, my brother, the palace is unprepared for defense, and you have dismissed the guard for a holiday."

"Bah! soldado mio! (In old Spanish, 'My dear!') They are merely merrymakers," was the response, as the chieftain composed himself for his siesta.

But the little child, as if inspired with sudden terror, began to cry and weep piteously.

"But," suggested Martin, "the Cuzco crossing the plaza in his direction. One of them—Juan Rodas—has a drawn sword, and is waving the arch. He recovers himself, and they are all marching forward as with streamers."

"Some of your drunken *mil Rilla!* Pooh-pooh Francisco, and leave me in peace. I am very weary, I tell you."

The woman departed for the water, and the next instant an angry altercation was heard in the room below, and the sharp clash of swords. of his faithful attendant was followed almost instantaneously by the heavy footsteps of the assassins, and in a few seconds thereafter the assassins were on the threshold of the room, with their swords drawn, their eyes flashing with fire, and spurns to his feet. He regained his weapon, which had been overturned in the affray, for a few moments defended himself with the table he had drawn before him as a shield. But he soon fell dead, after dispatching three of his assailants. The little child, who had been almost terrified to his knees, was also slain by the sword of Juan Rodas, and the mother, perceiving soon after, filled the air with her cries of grief and vengeance. Almagro's followers were also warriors; but the darkness which enshrouded the assassins deserving of our soon wrapt them into oblivion.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE FEATHER," "WARING WOLF," ETC., ETC.

[For the benefit of our new readers, we give a synopsis of the first portion of this story which has already appeared in the ledger, so that after perusing the present chapter they can go back and read the beginning of the story as understandingly as if they had read all of it from the first. Mrs. Lopez, a widow lady, lives in a small village in Louisiana. Her husband was a man who was but few years old; by an agent of her uncle, Mr. Bernard Lopez, of Mexico, and the mother and boy left their native village for the city of Mexico, where they were received with open arms by their wealthy relative, who, having no children of his own, had resolved to adopt his nephew, and make him his heir. Upon their arrival in the city, they found that Mr. Lopez had married a Mexican lady, and had taken a situation as merchant upon a speculation but recently met and married Mrs. Lopez, who had accompanied by Nina and an old servitor named Mrs. Lopez, who had accompanied by Nina and an old servitor named Mrs. Lopez, who had accompanied by Nina and an old servitor named

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my broken and wasted life ent now claim. This drug that you call a bane, to me an elixir of happiness and power. While under its influence, I seem to grasp again my youth, my health, my fortune—all—that has gone down into the vortex of my soul-indulgence. I could have it, here, or go and with buffet destruction and wandering.

"It is a terrible thing for a man of my standing to be a confirmed opium-eater."

"Calm yourself, dear papa, and I promise not again to entice you thus by refusing to you even the drug that is destroying you. Rest now, and forget that I have annoyed you."

"I know that something has gone wrong with you to-day, Inez; but I can't entrle myself now with unkindness or reproaches. It would destroy the happy influence I feel creeping over me already."

He drowsily closed his eyes, and yielded his spirit to the influence of the subtle narcotic; and after pitifully surveying him a few moments, Inez turned away, and softly glided into the chamber in which her aunt lay sleeping, and closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER XII.

Nina had taken her bonnet off, and was quietly chatting Mrs. Hawks and also keeping watch over Zijon to defend him from another attack from the fiend herself.

She would have cursed very little if the bell-person and had also an end to the poodle; but she feared, in the event of any further disaster happening to her pet, that Mrs. Hawks might hold her responsible; and she began to steadily to herself that if the dog died from the effects of its wrestling with that lady, to risk a dismissal by neglecting her favorite; so she wisely did what she never was in the habit of doing—spare by protecting Zijon from further molestation.

The tea was presently silently make the measure of each quiet, and inca, candid, honest, and straight-forward in the nature, was charmed by her new acquaintance, as most persons were who were brought in contact with Nina Gordon.

She looked up and smiled brightly as Miss Logan quietly entered the room, and saw that her heart a thrilly feeling of minor cruelty between them; and that feeling was one that this girl had really won from her the heart of Godfrey Fenton, in spite of the jealous hate she bore her for the greater portion of her sainthood intelligence. She was scowling, she again, perhaps, regain the lover she had lost; for, in spite of the fact that she was engaged to marry him, there were doubts in her mind since Nina threw the cup over, that she would ever bring her to be the forgiving wife to a husband.

She remembered that he had then said if he could understand the mystery of the woman of the woman he would prefer before all others; and with wonder at her constancy, why should she not be able again to love him to her side? At the time he said it she was angered by her fickle her heart with angry bitterness; but she now acknowledged to herself that she could forgive them; that she could again receive him as the lord of her life, and that she was convinced that his fancy for Inez Logan was but one of the many fleeting passions in which he had so recklessly plunged.

But was one of these emotions was visible on the truthful surface. Her smile was as genial and sunny as the Indian child, as she turned her face toward her young hostess and said:

Mrs. Hawks already sleeps more quietly, and I think she will be quite restored in another hour."

Inez sighed as she looked on the worn face from which the rosy hue had begun to fade, and, striking on a new key, she replied:

"I am delighted, indeed, that she was gone; it is a frightful attack, and I suppose there was that there is always danger of death in one of them. It is a dreadful affliction, and one that is pronounced incurable. You must think ours a strange family, Miss Gordon, with so much ing in this invalids to be taken care of. My aunt, you may have heard, was engaged for a fit from her carriage; but my poor father's state is, I fear, the result of his own excesses through a life of health. He thought himself so strong as to be able to stand any thing; but when misfortune fell on him he suddenly broke down, and became the wreck you see him."

In tones of deep sympathy Nina replied:

"It is indeed a sad thing to see a strong man, in the prime of life, reduced to the present condition of your father. I am grieved for him, I assure you."

"You refer to what passed between him and myself this morning. It was a distressful scene, and I could easily have been avoided if either of them had chosen to respect the good intentions of each other. But they never will; there is constant struggling between them, and all I can do will not prevent an outburst whenever they meet. I sometimes wish that Aunt Susan never would be come here at all; but as papa can't go to her, I suppose she is needed to visit him. I must explain to you, Miss Gordon, that my father is always under the influence of opium, or he would never have acted as he did to-day. In his natural state he is a kind-hearted and affectionate gentleman; but in the shattered condition of his nerves he is subject to the most violent mental and bodily suffering in the cessation of the particular drug that has become a necessity to him. I can see how much it changes his form day by day, and I know that he will not have the only thing that reconciles him to life much longer."

The sad sincerity there came light on the elegantly intellectual face seemed to cause her to fly. Inez, in the first hour of meeting, and Nina said:

"Then your father can scarcely be held accountable for what he says in a moment of excitement, and I trust you will again see him and show both a better understanding between him and your aunt."

Inez grew her a pericraining glance, and nervously replied:

"Did he seek your good offices or the forbearance of my aunt, Miss Gordon? Excuse me, but my father is almost a monomaniac on the subject of his wife's relatives. I do not side with my aunt, by his attempts to win over those an act directed against her. I overheard something of what he was saying to you, after stranger as you are to us, and I must say that I do not blame me, for he has successively offered a bribe to my aunt's sympathies, to get her will executed in my favor. I hope he did not go quite so far with you, for I should be sorry to lose his good opinion."

She hesitated a moment, and then finished her sentence:

"I thought it strange that Mr. Lopez should take so freely to one so little known to him as myself, and I have had sad explains to find that not the money if I would use my influence with you to induce you to make a will in favor of my father. Is it so?"

Nina answered with grave face. In a subdued tone, and said:

"Your guess has not been entirely new one to me. Mr. Lopez has already made the same request to his wife. He does not wish to interfere in his family affairs, and I shall therefore withdraw from the subject at once, with the assurance that I have not the slightest desire to be made the instrument of your father's will."

Inez flushed as she looked on the worn face from which the rosy hue had begun to fade, and, striking on a new key, she replied:

"Then you have refused, and I am glad of it. I am sure that she was grieved to see that there is always danger of death in one of them. It is a dreadful affliction, and one that is pronounced incurable. You must think ours a strange family, Miss Gordon, with so much ing in this invalids to be taken care of. My aunt, you may have heard, was engaged for a fit from her carriage; but my poor father's state is, I fear, the result of his own excesses through a life of health. He thought himself so strong as to be able to stand any thing; but when misfortune fell on him he suddenly broke down, and became the wreck you see him."

In tones of deep sympathy Nina replied:

"It is indeed a sad thing to see a strong man, in the prime of life, reduced to the present condition of your father. I am grieved for him, I assure you."

"You refer to what passed between him and myself this morning. It was a distressful scene, and I could easily have been avoided if either of them had chosen to respect the good intentions of each other. But they never will; there is constant struggling between them, and all I can do will not prevent an outburst whenever they meet. I sometimes wish that Aunt Susan never would be come here at all; but as papa can't go to her, I suppose she is needed to visit him. I must explain to you, Miss Gordon, that my father is always under the influence of opium, or he would never have acted as he did to-day. In his natural state he is a kind-hearted and affectionate gentleman; but in the shattered condition of his nerves he is subject to the most violent mental and bodily suffering in the cessation of the particular drug that has become a necessity to him. I can see how much it changes his form day by day, and I know that he will not have the only thing that reconciles him to life much longer."

The sad sincerity there came light on the elegantly intellectual face seemed to cause her to fly. Inez, in the first hour of meeting, and Nina said:

"Then your father can scarcely be held accountable for what he says in a moment of excitement, and I trust you will again see him and show both a better understanding between him and your aunt."

Inez grew her a pericraining glance, and nervously replied:

"Did he seek your good offices or the forbearance of my aunt, Miss Gordon? Excuse me, but my father is almost a monomaniac on the subject of his wife's relatives. I do not side with my aunt, by his attempts to win over those an act directed against her. I overheard something of what he was saying to you, after stranger as you are to us, and I must say that I do not blame me, for he has successively offered a bribe to my aunt's sympathies, to get her will executed in my favor. I hope he did not go quite so far with you, for I should be sorry to lose his good opinion."

She hesitated a moment, and then finished her sentence:

"I thought it strange that Mr. Lopez should take so freely to one so little known to him

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

COMING!

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

The Athletes appear with the dates
Of manhood on their first faint growth,
And for the brave, for me also,
A purple twilight stains to-even.

The turf grows soft beneath the tread,
And from the tan cage overhead
The shadow of the sun-glow's wane
Gives passing token of the spring.

The Earth puts off her cool attire,
And, warming with renewed desire,
Her bright subjects respond to call,
Clear mirrored by her streams and lakes.

Now to the vivid colours gone
Reveal into-tones where the dress is deep,
While fife pale jonquil tears the crest
Regal boldly from the mould's broad breast.

Now smile the streams and leaping dance,
The air a pungent fragrance fills;
The young sap spans the leafless forest,
And hope and gladness rule the hour.

It is not most that has allowed
This genial intercourse of earth,
And given the flower more sweet scents
To bloom amid the verno-tender.

Let those who garden in the rays
That freely their benison shed
Remember the hand that sowed
The germ from which all glorious bud—

As spreads the season's impartial vault—
Of promise, to every soul
To us the most loved shall ring
With welcome to this blessed spring!

SCRAPS OF AMERICA.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. VIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A CRASH IN THE DARK.

After leaving the southern tropic we had, for a time, light, variable winds, under which we made little headway; and I began to have a suspicion that the Cape of Good Hope could not be such a "Cape of Storms" after all; and I began to watch to some of my companions; but they advised me to wait until we got down a little farther, and I did not have to wait a great while. It will be remembered that I left my ship-mates in the latitude of the Cape not from September to April, so that we were approaching the season during the rainy season. We were in for it. A strong westerly winds prevail, and when those hit us we shortened sail, and toasted along with them spanking upon her quarter. We reached Cape Town on the tenth of August. It was the tansiest a clear morning when we came in sight of the cape, and I enjoyed the scene much. Table Mountain, with its curious flat top lifting itself three thousand five hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, was a sight I had long been anxious to behold, and I was not disappointed in it. It's table-cloth, "as we spread, looking like a layer of soft, fleecy cloud, and the broad table, and when we got so near that we could see the white-washed houses of the town the scene was to me of rare interest. We dropped anchor in the harbor for the purpose of obtaining provisions, as we had spared ourselves much by replenishing the water-casks at the shore. The harbor was spacious enough; but under the privileges of the strong, steadily blowing the land it necessary to keep a good anchorage, and look well to our ground-tackle.

I had an adventure while in Cape Town that is worth recording. One afternoon I went on shore with Mr. Sanborn, our second mate, the captain having given us permission to spend the day on shore, and we found anything worth remaining to see in the town. We walked up the street towards Table Mountain, until a short, winding path led us, and we made our way up it. Soon, however, finding it to be a hard climb, we left it and struck across to see if we had found our copper. It was a very respectable place, kept by an English-man, who informed us that there was to be a sort of a theatrical entertainment that evening in a hall adjoining the very place where we were eating.

Now anything in the shape of an entertainment, where there is to be music and dancing, has a charm for the sailor who has been over a three months confined within the narrow limits of a forecastle, and Sanborn and I at once resolved that we would stay on shore and attend. We found our English quarters to be very comfortable fellows, and as the ship was still filling without, we remained in the hall, where we spent the time very pleasantly in telling stories over our plans. One of our new friends was a capital hand at story-telling, and he gave us some of his own adventures in the early days of the war with the Yankees, and he had been on board a British man-of-war upon our coast during the Revolutionary struggle; but the memory of the old rascal did not come up to remind me of him. He freely acknowledged that our cause had been just, and he declared that he was glad when the war was over, and our country had gained the independence for which we had been fighting. The old fellow told us one story of his exploits during the war with us that I shall not go into, as it was a long affair, and will soon be followed by another that I have to tell.

We laughed at the idea of a Kaffir's waylaying us, and being banished from the country, for he is quite my companions good-sight, and so forth. It was very early; the streets were almost without a drear; and one of my first thoughts, as I found myself alone, was, that I should probably find it would be a pleasant companion; but I had made my bed, and I was willing to be the sufferer myself for having thought of such a thing. The first thing I did was to call for a light, and when it was brought, I found it was a little, or more, and I was very glad to see that it was a lamp, and not a candle, for the latter would have gone out, and then what should we do? I took the lamp from the stranger's hand, and then, with a look of confidence that I did not feel, I essayed to pick up the basket. As I did so I heard a rustling, and—look! look!—the basket lifted over towards me; the cover was pushed aside with an ominous movement, and the boy crawled out from its folds and stood unharmed!

That was long years ago, and I suppose I have had that scene in my mind many thousand times, and I know that I have spent hours upon hours in trying to solve the mystery, and in trying to conjure up some possible way in which that trick could have been performed; but I have never been able to do it. The basket was a slight affair, just large enough to hold the boy comfortably, and it had not been in its place five seconds when the spear was thrust down through it. But, even allowing that there could have been deception about the thrusting of the spear, how could the boy have got out of the basket? Then there could have been no deception about the spear, for the experience in the sail-cloth clearly demonstrated. I have seen Hindoo jugglers thrust their sword, and more than once have I found myself actually wondering if it could be possible that they were not superhuman powers.

When I had stepped to my feet, with others of the audience, I had moved down towards the basket, and, in my eagerness, had rested myself at some distance from my companions when the trick was done. When the curtain went down, however, I discovered my change of situation, and had taken others to move with me. Sanborn came and touched me upon the arm.

"Jack," said he, "Mr. Brace is outside, and wants to see me. If anything should happen that I am not back before the ship is ready, you will find me at the boat. You know where we land."

I told him that I knew the place very well, and that I would remember it; and then, for the wished it, I would go with him then.

"No—he did not wish any such thing. He wished me to stop and see it out; and perhaps he would be back before long."

So I resumed my seat by the side of Jack Thackton, whom I had come to like about as well as any man I ever met. The curtain presently lasted half an hour longer, and when the curtain went down for the last time, Sanborn had not returned; so I was out with my English friends, and we had a merry time of it. The crowd, where they were stopping while on shore, and had all gone to their homes, and it was not long before it he should not go down to the landing with me. I told him that I was not afraid to go, and I would not have him expose himself only to please me. I told him, moreover, that I should make such haste through the rain that I should be ready to start back as soon as he could be on danger.

"Well, well, Jack, with a laugh, "there can be no danger unless you should happen to fall into the hands of Kaffirs. Good-night, then, and I'll only just about now, and will rob me Englishman and his wife of their company."

So laughed at the idea of a Kaffir's waylaying me, and being banished from the country, for he is quite my companions good-night, and so forth. It was very dark; the streets were almost without a drear; and one of my first thoughts, as I found myself alone, was, that I should probably find it would be a pleasant companion; but I had made my bed, and I was willing to be the sufferer myself for having thought of such a thing. The first thing I did was to call for a light, and when it was brought, I found it was a little, or more, and I was very glad to see that it was a lamp, and not a candle, for the latter would have gone out, and then what should we do? I took the lamp from the stranger's hand, and then, with a look of confidence that I did not feel, I essayed to pick up the basket. As I did so I heard a rustling, and—look! look!—the basket lifted over towards me; the cover was pushed aside with an ominous movement, and the boy crawled out from its folds and stood unharmed!

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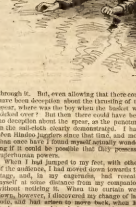

am I possessed was my sheath-knife, and this I held in my hand as I followed the basket and I see it freely if I had occasion and opportunity. I was determined that the boy should not escape me there like the roaring of a bull than like a human being. I could not see him, but I could hear him, and I could feel him.

The words came to me upon the wet cloth air, and I knew that the man who had pursued me was the boy's master. He was now close upon me, and I could see his dim powerless, other weapon.

"Boy! boy! *Where are you?* *Don't run away from me.*"

I heard him as he fell and led him down to the landing where I found our boat in charge of the boat-keepers, and I saw that the man was alone on board when Mr. Sanborn came down to the boat.

"Hold on, boy!" he cried, "I want some of you to help me catch that boy. He is a thief, a rascal, and a murderer!"

I stepped forward, pressed Sanborn's arm, and spoke a few words in his ear, which, as I knew, he would understand. He did understand them, and he replied in the same tongue.

"Yes, of course," pursued Sanborn, "that poor Dutch boy has been in his old trick again, and has robbed his master, and I want to help catch him. So I want down with the boat, but when we came to the landing we found that the boy had already got away, and the man was very angry; that he had come